

The Sketch



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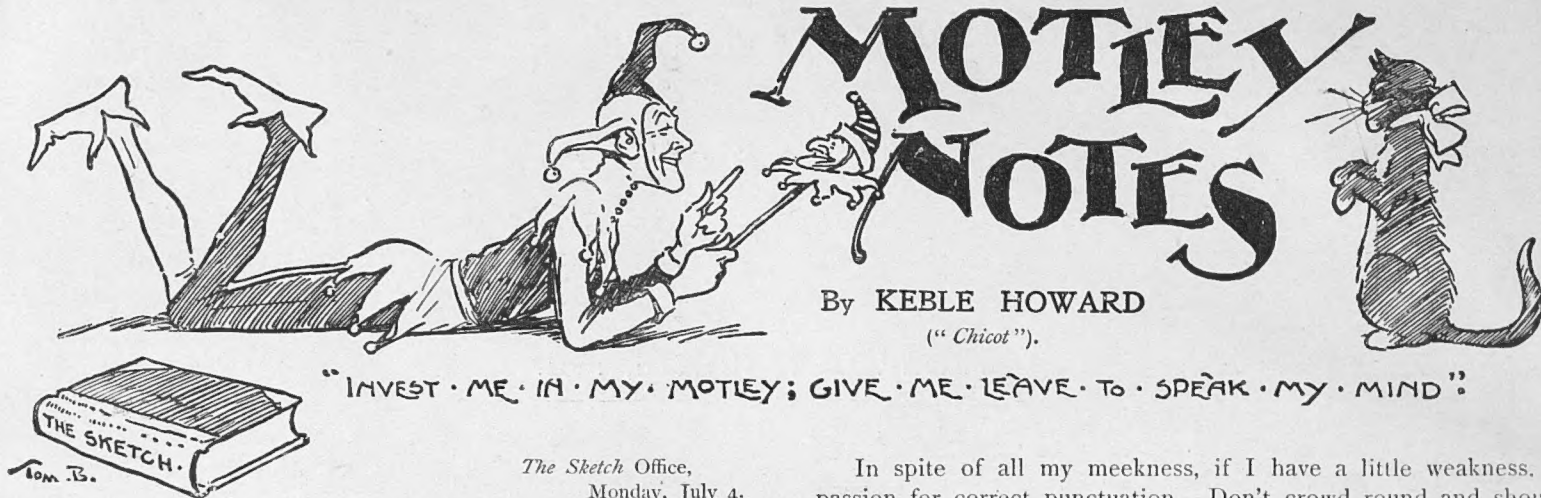
WEDNESDAY, JULY 6, 1904.

SIXPENCE.



GENERAL KUROPATKIN, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE RUSSIAN ARMY IN THE FIELD.

DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY R. CATON WOODVILLE, R.I.



CAN anyone tell me an absolutely reliable cure for the stage-struck? I know a man, perfectly sane with regard to all other matters, who has been battling for ten or twelve years with a fierce yearning to become an actor. His friends have done everything in their power to quell the desire, all to no purpose. When they confront him with actors who are prepared to dilate upon the miseries of theatrical life, he argues that the duffers in every profession are bound to have a bad time. When he is shown books about the stage that preach a similar sermon, he flings the volumes aside—metaphorically speaking—and makes the same retort. About eight years ago, his friends persuaded him to join a very strict Amateur Dramatic Society, hoping that the dull routine of rehearsals would alleviate his craving. The result was little short of disastrous, for the unfortunate fellow made quite a success in one or two small parts, and was thereafter seen, more than once, hanging round the doorway of a theatrical agent's office. Some people have advised that he should be allowed to have his way; he would soon, they declare, discover his mistake. In theory, the suggestion is capital; in practice, it would necessitate his resigning a valuable position in another profession. Can nobody help? The symptoms, by the way, are particularly distressing just now, for the victim has been reading a book by Mr. Austin Fryers, entitled "A Guide to the Stage."

Mr. Fryers, you see, adopts quite a new attitude with regard to life on the stage. Far from dissuading the aspirant to stage honours, he even encourages him to aspire. "Theatrical touring," he declares, "is a pleasant life, full of variety and harmless excitement, and if it has its drawbacks, well—what sphere of life is without them?" You may imagine the effect of these genial sophistries on the poor fellow of whom I have been speaking. He became quite excited over them, and strode to and fro, running his long fingers through his matted hair. "What did I tell you?" he demanded, shaking an accusing forefinger at his frightened relatives. "What did I tell you? You see what he says—'Theatrical touring is a pleasant life, full of variety and harmless excitement.' What was the good of stuffing me up with all that rotten nonsense about black-handled forks and three-legged chairs? If it hadn't been for you, I might now be playing leading parts in a West-End theatre, and speaking at public dinners, and autographing my own portraits, and snubbing interviewers, and everything!" The picture, certainly, was sufficiently alluring. Even his maiden aunts felt that, and one tender-hearted cousin began to cry. You will easily understand, therefore, that the nerves of his relations are strained. Again I ask, can "Nemo" help?

And what of the Salvation Army? To tell the truth, I am a little disappointed with those bedizened warriors. They have been with us upwards of a week, I believe, and their gorgeous rallying-point is within a stone's-throw of *The Sketch* office. Yet—would you believe it?—not one member of the noble band has called at the above address. Never a poke-bonnet, divil a red jersey, have I seen within these doors. Can it be, think you, that they are shy? Or do they take it for granted, I wonder, that every soul of us, from Coe to "Chicot," is already saved? Welladay! I had been thinking to find myself enrolled, mayhap, in that modern troop of Ironsides. I had pictured myself, a red-breasted Jester, strutting it with the best of them 'tween Charing Cross and Temple Bar. I had even dreamed, once on a time, of a large drum and a whirling drum-stick withal. . . . There! The ecstasy of imagination has passed, and I am still tinkling my tiny bells and wagging my dusty bauble. Pass on, my lassies. One should not expect you, looking at the world from out your poke-bonnets, to catch a glimpse of those that throng the side-paths of life. And yet, you know, it would have been a comfortable garment to wear—an affidavit of salvation in the shape of a red jersey.

In spite of all my meekness, if I have a little weakness, 'tis a passion for correct punctuation. Don't crowd round and shout! I am perfectly aware that, to a certain extent, punctuation depends upon individual taste. Was it not my fate, at one time, to dictate letters to a fair-typist who would insist on writing, "I, therefore, beg to return, &c."? Absolutely correct, I admit, and yet, if I dare say so at this length of time, a trifle pedantic. I wish I could deal as gently with the punctuation of Mr. Harry Furniss. I have been reading, let me explain, "Harry Furniss at Home," a volume full of entertaining chatter and clever caricature. My pleasure was marred, however, by the extraordinary number of commas with which the artist-author has seen fit to pepper his pages. Here, for example, is a passage selected at random: "It so happened, that in order to set my nerves right, for the coming dental operation, I was strolling down the West End, early in that inexorable week, on my way to the dentist, when a barrister friend jumped out of a hansom and told me the sad news, which he had just received from a friend of his, at Court." Or again: "These illustrated London Letters, I have twice, contributed for a long period, to the largest papers published."

Pardon this quibbling, Mr. Furniss!

During the course of an after-breakfast stroll last Thursday morning, I happened to be passing the Garrick Theatre when my attention was arrested by the sight of a small, black-lettered bill that announced a special matinée of "Uriah the Hittite." Wondering whether the play had anything to do with the novel of that name, I drew nearer. Judge of my astonishment when I discovered, among the names of the players, no fewer than three people, artists all, with whom I have the honour of an acquaintance. The first was Mr. Lee Hankey, President-Elect of the London Sketch Club, and husband of the clever lady whose portraits of theatrical celebrities have lately been adorning the pages of *The Sketch*. The second was Mr. Starr Wood. There is only one Starr Wood, and that is the Starr Wood who draws for this journal. And the third was Mr. S. H. Sime. You know, of course, "the man Sime," Jingle's friend? Well, you will know him far better if you will turn to page 413 of this issue. In the meantime, you will be wondering whether I rushed into the Garrick to witness the antics of the famous trio. I did not, for the price of admission was two guineas. Besides, a copyright performance is not the most cheerful entertainment in the world.

"I have heard it stated," said The Clubman, "that the war will be over before the autumn. I wish I could believe it."

"Why not try?" suggested The Man in the Train. "When I was in Morocco—"

"We know all about that," E. F. S. interrupted. "The point is, does the war affect the British Drama, or does the British Drama affect the war?"

O. O. snorted. "In these days of sixpenny reprints," he objected, "one cannot be bothered with wars and plays. Both Mr. Gosse and I—"

"Talking of sixpences," struck in the Green-room Gossiper, "I hear it said that Mr. George Edwardes intends to charge eleven shillings for the Gaiety stalls instead of half-a-guinea."

"For my part," murmured Common Chord, "I seldom visit the Gaiety. Granted that he possesses a certain breadth of outlook upon modern music, Edmund Payne has scarcely the full appreciation of lyrical faculty that one—"

"You're all getting a trifle heated," observed The Man on the Car. "Let me tell you about our ascent of Snowdon. Our car, you know, was—"

"Give me a horse," growled Captain Coe.

"And me a costume," chirruped Sybil.

"When the markets improve," muttered the City Editor. The Mere Man sighed.

OXFORD v. CAMBRIDGE AT LORD'S (June 30—July 2).

(SEE "THE MERE MAN.")

A SKETCH ON THE BOUNDARY
"LOST BALL!"



(FACEIOUS POLICEMAN)
"PARSON, PLEASE"
(DELIGHT OF NEWLY-FLEDGED CURATE)



STRANGE THEY SHOULD CALL
PEMBROKE - PEMMER ISN'T IT?
THAT'S NOTHING, DEAR, THERE'S A COLLEGE THEY SPELL
C.A.I.U.S. & HOW DO
YOU THINK THEY
PRONOUNCE IT?
I CAN'T IMAGINE
MAUDLIN!!



"HER FATHER LOVED ME,
OFT INVITED ME"
(OTHELLO I-3)



"PROUDER THAN
RUSTLING IN UNPNO-FOR SILK"
(CYMBELINE III-3)

"WARP & WOOF" !!!

"YOU GOT YOUR FROCK, I
SEE, DEAR."
"YES, WASN'T IT SWEET
OF MADAME - THEY WORKED
ALL NIGHT TO GET IT
COME IN TIME."



THE CLUBMAN.

Good-bye to the Alake—The French in Tangier.

THE Alake, I am told, is going back to his country a very satisfied Prince, and no doubt the Governor of Lagos, his over-lord, must be pleased also at the attention his tributary King has received. I fancy that the Alake's fondness for visiting Agricultural Shows will prove to be of practical use to him when he goes back to his own country, for an attempt is under consideration to make the coast country of the Colony more productive and to increase the exports. The Alake's capital of Abeokuta lies only some forty miles inland, and his dominions will supply most of the products which, it is hoped, will be carried away in great ships. Therefore his interest in motor-ploughs and other time and labour saving inventions was not prompted solely by curiosity.

The Alake has learned one word of English, and, no doubt, has found it most serviceable. It is "good-bye." There is a concentration and a finality about this Oriental potentate's conversation in the British tongue which many other busy men must envy. He has made all his speeches in his native language, and, with the exception of the official interpreter, I do not suppose there have been a dozen men in this country of his hearers who have understood a sentence. Listening to one of his speeches, it seemed to me that he was repeating over and over again one word. I am told that in this I was not very far wrong, for what sounds to European ears one and the same word does duty in Abeokuta for a dozen different things. The inflection which differentiates it is so slight as to be appreciated only by native ears.

The photographers found the Alake a very difficult subject. Not that he was not perfectly willing to be photographed on every occasion, and sit as steady as a rock, but, possibly from the shine on the Royal features, the Alake almost invariably appeared on the negative as the possessor of a veritable full-moon face, one of those radiant rounds which one usually associates with the corner-men of a Christy Minstrel show. When I had the pleasure of standing face to face with him for a few moments, I found opposite to me a very pleasant, shrewd face with a great deal of character in it. There are two dents by the Alake's eyes which are peculiar and make his face very distinctive.

The French have not been invariably successful in their attempts to colonise Eastern countries, but they appear to be commencing to Gallicise Morocco in a very sensible manner. The French official who is to sit at the Sultan's right hand and who is to advise him how to spend the money which the Parisian bankers are to advance him will, no doubt, be as strenuously objected to by all good Mohammedan Moors as the British Commander of the Bodyguard has been. That is only natural, for a really patriotic Moor thinks that money drawn from Christians should be looked upon as loot and should be

divided without any idea of repayment. Rais Uli's easy method of replenishing his treasury is cordially approved by a majority of the Sultan's subjects.

It is in the policing of the coast capital and its surrounding country that the French are making such a wise move. No doubt, a brigade or two of the splendidly seasoned troops France has in Algeria would soon dispose of the brigands round Tangier, but that would mean a war, and a holy war to boot, and France is unwilling that the first-fruits of her agreement with England should be a struggle which would be as determined and as bloody as the fighting in the early Algerian campaigns or the suppression of the great rebellion in the 'seventies. So she is setting a Mohammedan to catch a Mohammedan. In Algiers there are plenty of Arabs who are patriotic Frenchmen, just as we have millions of good Mohammedan subjects in India, and a Franco-Arabian force of police, no doubt semi-military in character, will keep the peace in Tangier.

The new police will speak the same language and be of the same religious faith as the gentlemen they have to keep in order, and, though they will be cordially hated, it will be impossible to preach against them in the mosques as Infidels and promise Paradise to their slayers, as would be done if a Christian gendarmerie were introduced.

The last experiment of the Sultan in providing protection for the foreigners in Tangier was such a conspicuous failure that a new police force is most certainly necessary. Of the guards provided by the Sultan for the Legations, two proved themselves on the first night to be composed of really alert soldiers. The guard over the British Legation stole a British mule, and the sentry of another guard shot a harmless peasant, probably to see whether the rifles which had been issued were properly sighted.

THE LATE
G. F. WATTS, R.A.

One of the greatest of England's painters has passed away in the person of Mr. G. F. Watts. Seized with an attack of bronchitis a week or two ago, his strength steadily declined,

and the end came peacefully on Friday last. In his youth, Mr. Watts gained little help from the London schools, and it was not till he attained some measure of success and had exhibited several paintings at the Academy that he was able to go to Italy to study his art seriously. Here he spent some four years among the works of the Roman and Venetian masters, and then, returning to England, commenced a career which grew in success as the years rolled on. Mr. Watts's designs, in breadth and simplicity, always showed an aspiration for the highest and a study of the best models, but his greatest triumphs are to be found among his portraits, many of the finest of which passed by gift to the nation before the master's death. Others will now, in accordance with his bequest, pass to the National Portrait Gallery. Mr. Watts, who was a Londoner by birth, had attained the ripe old age of eighty-seven, for he was born in 1817.



THE LATE G. F. WATTS, R.A., AND HIS STATUE, "PHYSICAL ENERGY,"
NOW ON EXHIBITION IN THE COURTYARD OF BURLINGTON HOUSE. THIS WAS THE LAST WORK UNDERTAKEN BY
THE FAMOUS ARTIST.

Photograph by Robinson and Son, Redhill.

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(WEEK-DAYS, Commencing July 1).

		a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	A	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	B
WATERLOO	dep.	5 50	6 40	8 50	11 0	11 10	11 20	1 0	3 30	5 50	
EXETER (Queen Street)	arr.	10 7	1 0	1 9	2 15	2 42	3 30	5 11	6 45	9 50	
BARNSTABLE JUNC.		12 2		2 53		3 53		6 25	8 31		
ILFRACOMBE		12 55		3 46		4 45		7 15	9 25		
TAVISTOCK		11 24		2 35	4 14			6 33	8 1	11 18	
WADEBRIDGE		1 13			5 2			8 27			
BODMIN		1 50			5 23			8 48			
DEVONPORT		11 40		2 57	3 44			6 55	8 23	11 40	
PLYMOUTH (North Road)		11 52		3 3	3 52			7 1	8 29	11 46	
PLYMOUTH (Mutley)		11 55		3 6	3 56			7 4	8 32	11 49	
PLYMOUTH (Friary)		12 3		3 14	4 5			7 13	8 40	11 57	

		a.m.	A	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	B	p.m.	p.m.
PLYMOUTH (Friary)	dep.	8 20	10 8			12 5	2 15	3 55	4 52	
PLYMOUTH (Mutley)		8 29	10 17			12 14	2 24	4 4	5 1	
DEVONPORT		8 33	10 22			12 18	2 28	4 8	5 4	
BODMIN		8 40	10 30			12 24	2 34	4 15	5 13	
WADEBRIDGE		6 40	8 10			10 14	12 55	2 12		
TAVISTOCK		7 1	8 31			10 49	1 16	2 38		
ILFRACOMBE		9 6	10 28			12 50	3 0	4 41	5 54	
BARNSTABLE JUNC.		7 30	9 15	10 15		12 0	1 40	3 20	4 50	
EXETER (Queen Street)		8 19	10 5	11 3		12 46	2 27	4 12	5 46	
WATERLOO	arr.	12 0	1 45	3 15	3 30	5 20	6 15	8 7	10 30	3 33

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"B" CORRIDOR DINING TRAIN. 1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class.

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WEEK-DAYS.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.
London (King's Cross) dep.	5 15	5 20	7 15	8 45	9 45	10 0	10 10	10 20	10 35	10 55	11 25	11 30
Sheringham arr.	10 13	1 15						2 13				
Cromer (Beach) arr.	10 25	1 25						2 20				
Mundesley-on-Sea dep.	11 2	1 47						3 11				
Skegness arr.	9 29	11 52	1 15					15 52				
Ilkley arr.	10 10	12 41	2 3					3 46				
Harrogate arr.	10 42	1 0	2 20					3 46				
Scarborough arr.	11 15		2 37					4 3				
Whitby arr.	11 19		3 45					4 23				
Filey arr.	11 37	2 50	3 34	3 38	4 37			5 0	4 37			
Bridlington arr.	11 36	2 18	2 46	3 7	4 7			4 7				
Redcar arr.	12 7							5 20				
Saltburn arr.	12 22							5 30				
Seaton Carew arr.	11 55							5 28				

WEEK-DAYS.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.
London (King's Cross) dep.	12 30	1 30	1 40	2 0	2 20	3 0	3 25	3 45	4 15	5 45	6 15	10 30
Sheringham arr.				5 43		7 3				9 13		11 45
Cromer (Beach) arr.				5 50		7 15				9 14		
Mundesley-on-Sea dep.				6 37		8 37						
Skegness arr.	4 51	5 30						7 25	9 45		7 50	
Ilkley arr.		6 8						8 50	11 11		8 47	
Harrogate arr.		5 42						7 57	10 57	12 2	5 51	8 20
Scarborough arr.		5 59							11 33		5 35	
Whitby arr.		7 52									6 20	
Filey arr.		7 31									6 47	
Bridlington arr.		6 55									7 20	
Redcar arr.											6 37	
Saltburn arr.											6 51	
Seaton Carew arr.											7 42	

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* Through Carriages to Sheringham and Cromer by these trains. † Through Carriages to Harrogate by these trains. ‡ Mondays only. A—On Sunday Mornings arrives Filey 11.34, Bridlington 12, Redcar 7.56, Saltburn 8.12, and Seaton Carew 9.38. B—First and Third Class Breakfast, Luncheon, or Dining Car Express from London. C—On Sunday Mornings is due Ilkley at 11.34, Harrogate 8.4. D—On Saturdays arrives Filey 4.26 p.m., Bridlington 3.52, E—Will not be run on Mondays or Wednesdays and will not run after Aug. 20. F—On Sunday mornings arrives 8.15. G—Saturdays only. H—On Saturdays arrives 8.41 p.m. J—Saturdays excepted. K—Not on Sunday Mornings. L—On Bank Holidays leaves King's Cross 5.15 a.m. M—Due Filey 2.13 p.m., Bridlington 1.30 on Saturdays. N—From Aug. 1 to Sept. 10. P—Until July 10 arrives at 3.18 p.m. Q—Until July 8 arrives 7.54 p.m. S—Bank Holidays excepted.

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SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

THE Royal visit to Kiel seems to have been brilliantly successful, and His Majesty received an exceptionally warm welcome home again. Edward VII. has proved himself during the last three years one of the most able diplomatists of modern days, and the Empire owes him a great debt of gratitude. His Majesty will have some busy days before going for a short rest to Newmarket. To-day (6th) he and the Queen lay

the foundation-stone of the new buildings of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and on Friday takes place the last State Ball of the Season.

Future Royal Plans.

The Season is an exceptionally busy time for every member of the Royal Family. The Prince and Princess of Wales are attending many of the principal charity entertainments, and they are to be at the great garden-party held at the Botanic Gardens this next Saturday. The King will be at Newmarket next week, and then will come his own and the Queen's visit to Liverpool, where His Majesty will lay the foundation-stone of the new cathedral. One of the most important and brilliant house-parties ever gathered together at Goodwood will have the honour of their Majesties as host and hostess, for the Duke of Richmond will, for the race-week, give over his historic mansion to his Sovereign. This will be the first visit paid by Queen Alexandra to "glorious Goodwood" during many years past.

A Musical Bride.

Lady Norah More, whose marriage was among the prettiest of Society functions last week, has been known as one of the most musical girls in Society, and one of the hymns sung at her wedding was written by herself and by her

bridegroom, Lady Norah providing the words and Mr. More the music. Lord and Lady Sligo loaded their young daughter with beautiful gifts, among them being a lovely tiara of pearls and diamonds. Mr. More presented Lady Norah's bridesmaids with an original present, which in each case took the form of a swan pendant, a swan figuring in the Arms of the More family.

A Lovely Swimmer.

Miss Vere Dawnay, who has just won, for the third year in succession, the Champion Shield at the Ladies' Bath Club swimming competition, has been devoted to the art in which she excels for many years. She is literally as much at home in the water as on land, and has shown her prowess on many occasions when the difficulties to be faced were considerably greater than those which meet the competitors in the delightful marble-lined bath which has been so great an addition to the amenities of smart London. Miss Dawnay, who is only just twenty, is a niece of that gallant soldier Lord Downe, and also of Earl Grey.

Lady Stephenson.

Lady Stephenson is one of the most charming and cultivated members of what may be called the Royal circle. Both as Mrs. William Keppel and since her marriage last year to the distinguished Admiral whose name she now bears she was a valued and highly esteemed friend of both the King and Queen, and few twentieth-century brides received a more delightful collection of Royal wedding-presents. Lady Stephenson is a sister of Lord Saltoun, and, as Miss Fraser, she was considered one of the prettiest of Scottish débutantes.

The Queen's New Godchild.

The Queen is said to greatly delight in christenings, and certain it is that Her Majesty is rarely a sponsor by proxy. One of the prettiest of Royal functions of last week was that which took place at the Chapel Royal, St. James's, when Queen Alexandra became godmother to Lord and Lady Curzon of Kedleston's baby daughter. To the name of Alexandra, now borne by so many little maidens of high degree, was added the curious one of Naldera—doubtless Indian in its origin. The Viceroy of India and his beautiful wife seem determined that their infant shall have Imperial sympathies, for her two godfathers were Mr. Alfred Lyttelton and Mr. St. John Brodrick, the latter Secretary of State for India.



A JUNE BRIDE: LADY NORAH MORE, DAUGHTER OF THE MARQUIS OF SLIGO.



MISS VERE DAWNAY, WINNER OF THE BATH CLUB SWIMMING CHAMPIONSHIP.



LADY STEPHENSON, WIFE OF ADMIRAL SIR HENRY F. STEPHENSON.

Photographs by Alice Hughes, Gower Street.

Newmarket.

Although for the first time for many years past the King was absent from Newmarket for the First July Meeting, the "racing capital" enjoyed an exceptionally brilliant gathering of noted folk, and next week the King will be in his usual delightful quarters in the stately building which belongs to the Jockey Club. Newmarket has been described as a town consisting of a single street a mile long, but, though some of the most important *habitués* are content to live in the town itself there are many beautiful villas and old-fashioned country-houses in the immediate neighbourhood of the Heath. Perhaps the most comfortable, if not the most picturesque, of these is the oddly named Palace House, where Mr. and Mrs. Leopold de Rothschild so often entertain the Sovereign. Palace House is not very far from the Jockey Club, and there the fortunate owner of St. Amant and his charming wife keep practically open house during the July and October Meetings. Lord Durham's Newmarket quarters are a little way out of the town, and that most deservedly popular of racing Peers has at the curiously named Harraton Lodge, Exning, one of the finest training establishments in the world. Lord Durham has been called the one strong man of the Jockey Club; certain it is that he brings to the sport he loves so well a whole-hearted devotion to its best interests and a determination that it shall be conducted honestly.

Talk of Dissolution. There has been more talk of dissolution in the Lobby of the House of Commons. The difficulty experienced by the Government Whips in maintaining a majority induced the Prime Minister, in replying to a question, to threaten resignation unless he received "day-to-day support," and since then members and lobbyists have been speculating as to how many or how few weeks the Government would last. Opinions have continued to differ, but the idea of an early dissolution has been adopted by many Unionists as well as Liberals. Either because they are bored by Parliamentary life or because they have lost confidence in the Government, a large number of the Conservatives have ceased to attend regularly.

Vivacity has disappeared from the Prime Minister. He and his chief Whip, Sir Alexander Acland-Hood, seem the two most worried men in the House of Commons. Mr. Balfour has a tired, wearied,

anxious expression. How he must long for relief from official cares. A long golfing holiday must be anticipated by him as heaven on earth. Still, ambition keeps a strong grip of the Prime Minister, and even when hardest driven he may be reluctant to abandon power and patronage and face the possibility of his policy being changed.

An unusually large number of members of the House of Commons have received Birthday Honours, and the new Knights and Baronets are enjoying the congratulations of colleagues and constituents. Perhaps the most flattered are the new Privy Councillors, Mr. Parker Smith and Colonel Kenyon-Slaney. It is, of course, a great honour to be described as "right honourable." The average man in the House may think more of the "right honourable gentleman" than of the merely "honourable baronet." Mr. Parker Smith has been a devoted Parliamentary private secretary to Mr. Chamberlain, and Colonel Kenyon-Slaney is a hard-hitter on behalf of the Government.

Still another member has crossed from the Conservative side of the House of Commons to the Liberal side. Major Seely did not remain long behind Mr. Winston Churchill, and now they are accompanied by the cousin of the latter, Mr. Ivor Guest, son and heir of Lord Wimborne. The adhesion of Mr. Guest to the Opposition is an important incident from a social point of view, and the young man himself is a member of considerable ability and activity. This is the prosperous time of the Liberal Party. Many things are in their favour, and it is supposed that all they want is a General Election.

Queen Wilhelmina. All Holland is greatly excited because it has just been semi-officially announced that Queen Wilhelmina expects an heir to the throne very shortly. The young Queen has now been married more than three years, and the Dutch were beginning to fear that there would be no direct heir to the Crown of Holland. Their great dread is lest a German Prince should come to be their ruler, for in that case they know that their absorption in the German Empire would not long be delayed. Happily, it does not matter whether the heir is a boy or a girl, for there is no Salic law in Holland.



PALACE HOUSE, MR. LEOPOLD DE ROTHSCHILD'S RESIDENCE AT NEWMARKET.



HARRATON LODGE, LORD DURHAM'S HOUSE NEAR NEWMARKET.

Photographs by Sherborn.

Some Royal Visitors. At the present moment several interesting Royalties are visiting this country. The Crown Prince and Crown Princess of Sweden are being entertained in a quiet way by many distinguished folk, and the Crown Prince was present at the First July Meeting at Newmarket. The Crown Princess is a first-cousin of the German Emperor, and was the favourite niece of the late Emperor Frederick. The future King and Queen of the Belgians are also in England. Prince Albert is very fond of this country, and at one time visited all the leading British industrial centres. His young wife is one of the many pretty, charming daughters of the ducal oculist, Prince Theodore of Bavaria, and she is deservedly popular in Brussels.

Mrs. Cecil Powney. Mrs. Cecil Powney is one of the small group of great London hostesses who have the good-fortune of presiding over one of those town palaces which overlook the Green Park. There during the last three or four years many of the

most successful charity entertainments which have taken place each winter and Season have been planned out and talked over, for Mrs. Powney is the genius of organisation and is herself an excellent amateur actress.

Among the young dancers who teach and practise the arts of ballet few are doing better work than Mdle. Elise Clerc. As a very tiny little girl indeed, she appeared in the open-air ballet of "Midsummer Night's Dream" when it was given with Mendelssohn's music in the grounds of the Crystal Palace. Then she was one of the sprites that were in attendance upon Puck. Soon after this engagement, Madame Katti Laner, whose pupil she was, took Elise Clerc to the Empire Theatre, where she has met with a great deal of success and has always been ready to take any principal's place at the shortest notice. More than once her quick wit and confidence have saved a deal of trouble. Of late years, Mdle. Clerc has turned her attention to the production of ballets in pantomime, and



MRS. CECIL POWNEY, A POPULAR LONDON HOSTESS.

Photograph by Kate Pragnell, Knightsbridge.

has been responsible for some exceedingly pretty and effective work, notably for Mr. Robert Arthur's productions. Her ballets at the Grand Theatres of Islington and Fulham and elsewhere have attracted considerable attention and well-merited praise. Not only has Mdle. Clerc enjoyed the advantage of seeing many Empire ballets in the making, but she has had long years of training, and, above all, she is bright, clever, painstaking, and a tireless worker.

A Court Lady. Mrs. Dick-Cunyngham, the intimate friend and Lady-in-Waiting of Princess Christian, has a double claim to the regard of the Royal Family, for she is the widow of the gallant soldier who commanded the Gordons at Ladysmith and who was killed there by a stray bullet on the day of the great Boer assault. Mrs. Dick-Cunyngham was herself a Miss Wauchope, the bearer of a name great in our military annals. She is a gentle, sad-faced-looking woman, the inseparable companion of the good-hearted and popular Princess, who also lost one near and dear to her during the South African campaign, and it is said that Her Royal Highness and Mrs. Dick-Cunyngham will shortly

proceed to Africa, in order to visit the graves of Prince Christian Victor and of Colonel Dick-Cunyngham.

Mrs. Robin Barrow. Mrs. Robin Barrow is one of the four pretty daughters of the veteran Sir Walter Gilbey. She was one of the many pretty women who much contributed to the



MRS. W. H. DICK-CUNYNGHAM, LADY-IN-WAITING TO PRINCESS CHRISTIAN.

Photograph by H. Walter Barnett, Hyde Park Corner.

success of the Albert Hall Bazaar, and she was helped by her little daughter, Miss Phyllis Barrow. The latter, who is exceptionally pretty and picturesque-looking, took the part of "Mary, Mary, quite contrary" in the charming tableaux which were organised by Mrs. Beerbohm Tree and Sir Philip Burne-Jones.



MRS. ROBIN BARROW AND MISS PHYLIS BARROW, DAUGHTER AND GRAND-DAUGHTER OF SIR WALTER GILBEY.

Photograph by Thomson, Grosvenor Street, W.

Tattersall's.

Who has not heard of Tattersall's? Even in the remotest corner of Great and Greater Britain the name is familiar, though many people, doubtless, would be puzzled if asked where it was. Within a stone's-throw of Sloane Street is a great, heavy gateway, about which may usually be seen a group of horsey-looking men. Entering and going straight down a yard, you soon find yourself in a huge, lofty hall with glazed roof. Here the famous horse-sales are held, and at the end of the polo and coaching season especially the place is thronged with well-known horse-lovers willing to pay fabulous prices for clever ponies or serviceable leaders and wheelers. Flanking the hall are the stables, outside of which is a narrow paved way utilised to exhibit the animals' paces to prospective purchasers. Everything is scrupulously clean, and, whether you wish to buy or not, Tattersall's is a delightful lounge for those who take an interest in horseflesh. The Subscription Rooms at Tattersall's are famous in the annals of the betting world, and here many an unfortunate has come a sad cropper—but that, of course, is another story.

Marshal Oyama.

Marshal Oyama, who has just been appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Japanese Armies in Manchuria, is sixty years of age. He is a short, thick-set man, with a clean-shaven face covered with the marks of small-pox. At first sight

frequent the lesser-known watering-places and there is a tiny "Bad" in Normandy which is yearly patronised by many great folk.

The Ladies' Kennel Association.

Society seems as enthusiastically interested in dogs as ever. Over a thousand dogs were benched at the great Show held at the Botanic Gardens last week, and the Queen, who is patron of the "L.K.A.," took several first prizes, much interest being displayed in Her Majesty's strange-looking Arctic pet, "Jocko." The Queen presented a beautiful Challenge Cup. It is an open secret that the Association, since it was first founded some years ago, has gone through many vicissitudes. It owes its present flourishing condition to the determined efforts of Lady Aberdeen, most versatile and energetic of *grandes dames*. For the first time in the history of the "L.K.A.," men owners were allowed to compete at the Show.

Some July Festivities.

The Season of 1904, one of the most brilliant and cloudless on record, is slowly coming to an end; but, even so, many great functions are to take place within the next fortnight, including, it is said, a ball at Marlborough House. On this Saturday (9th) takes place perhaps the smartest wedding of the Season, that of Miss Violet Monckton, Lord Galway's only daughter, and Captain Skeffington Smyth, D.S.O. Three



TATTERSALL'S, WHERE THE FAMOUS HORSE-SALES ARE HELD.

Photograph by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.

he appears to be half-asleep, but in reality he is a man who makes up his mind with remarkable rapidity and acts with the utmost decision. For some years he was Minister of Marine and of War, but when the Chino-Japanese War broke out he sketched the plan of campaign, the chief point of which was the intimate co-operation of the naval and military forces, and captured Port Arthur and Wei-hai-Wei. For the last five years he has been at the head of the General Staff in Tokio, where he drew up all the plans for the present campaign and has superintended the work of mobilisation. His appearance in the field means that the final movement of the war is about to be begun.

Going off to the "Bad."

All sorts of well-known people are already taking the waters at the various fashionable "Bads" which bring such a stream of wealth and prosperity each summer to Germany and France, to say nothing of Austria. The King is expected at Marienbad about the middle of August; the German Emperor intends, it is said, to be at Homburg, and while there to do all in his power to make the Queen of German watering-places the greatest motoring centre on the Continent. Certain French "Bads" are now enjoying a great vogue, notably Royat; and Aix-les-Bains, the pretty little Savoy town where Queen Victoria so nearly bought a villa in the 'eighties, seems likely to have many distinguished English visitors. With the exception of our King, who remains very faithful to Marienbad and Homburg, most Royal personages prefer to

days later the wedding of Lady Marjorie Gordon and Captain Sinclair, one of the most popular of Liberal Whips, will see a wonderful gathering of political folk, headed by the Prime Minister himself. The bride will wear at least one very original jewel, a huge cairngorm, presented to her by the bridegroom. Dances are once more the fashion, and every leading hostess is entertaining her young friends in this pleasant fashion. Of interest to amateur gardeners, and they are now legion, is the opening, on Friday, the 22nd, of the Royal Horticultural Society's new Exhibition Hall.

A Siberian God.

Siberia has set up a sort of Mahdi of its own in the person of a man who calls himself "the god Airoi," who is expected to appear by the Mongols and Kalmuks of the Altai Mountains. He lives in a hut made of mud and never shows himself to the people, but is waited upon by an old man dressed in white and by a young girl whom he employs as a medium for his communications with his followers. It is very difficult to gain any information about this man, for the Kalmuks, who are usually very outspoken, in this case are keeping the most profound secrecy. All that is known is that this so-called god has forbidden his people to possess any money but gold and silver, and that therefore they are getting rid of their Russian paper money even at a loss. Happily for the Czar, there seems to be no connection between the appearance of the god Airoi and the war with Japan.

Guns and Grouse.

The Board of Agriculture has been well advised to include such famous shots as Lord de Grey, Lord Lubbock, and Lord Tullibardine in the members of the Commission formed to inquire into the nature and origin of grouse-disease. Yet another noted gun whose knowledge and experience will also be utilised is Mr. Donald Munro-Fergusson, on whose splendid Highland moors many interesting experiments have been made with regard to the breeding and rearing of the famous, succulent little bird whose health and welfare are of such intense moment to British sportsmen. The Commission will not sit till next year, but the members now appointed intend to work hard, one and all, this autumn in order to solve the mysterious origins of grouse-disease. One of the great authorities on the subject is Dr. Andrew Wilson, who believes the disease to be distinctly infectious; yet another investigator is the great Dr. Klein. The matter is one of great moment to Scottish landowners, for, if the grouse were ever seriously attacked, as were, for instance, the vineyards in France by that scourge phylloxera, then the shootings which now fetch such fancy prices each year would become well-nigh valueless.

Some Theatrical Notes.

Mr. Malcolm Watson is such an enthusiast on

the subject of the theatre that, so far from grudging him his good fortune, everyone will congratulate him on the fact that Mr. Bourchier will, from this evening on, put "The Conversion of Nat Sturge" into the regular bill, and will himself act the part of the Bishop of Minterweir, which he created at the recent Clement Scott matinée. Within the first week of September, too, Mr. Watson's play, "Winnie Brooke, Widow," which the popular Miss Ada Reeve has been acting in the provinces, will be seen at one of the West-End theatres, probably the Criterion, where, however, the popularity of "The Duke of Killicrankie" is so far from being exhausted that another theatre will have to be taken in order that its run may be continued.

A performance of a play by authors is an inversion of theatrical proceedings which cannot fail to be of exceptional interest to the playgoing community generally, and, could the experiment which is to be made at the Garrick Theatre on the afternoon of Tuesday week (19th inst.) be repeated for a series of performances, there is little doubt that it would attract the community to a very considerable extent, and might still further benefit the Bushey Heath Cottage Hospital, for which the entertainment in question is given. In addition to "The Fairy's Dilemma," Mr. Gilbert's parody of "Hamlet," called "Rosencrantz and Guildenstern," is to be given with a cast including Sir Francis Burnand, Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, Captain Marshall, and Mr. Gilbert himself, who will play the King; while Lady Colin Campbell, who has written several plays, alone and in collaboration with other women, will lend the charm of her presence and her striking beauty to the impersonation of the Queen, and Mrs. Madeleine Lucette Ryley will play Ophelia. If, in accordance with Mr. Gilbert's whimsical idea that Hamlet is now short, now tall, now fat, now thin, a different Hamlet could be turned on for each scene, the ludicrous effect might be still further heightened.

Mr. Henry Arthur Jones and Captain Marshall are, at the best, comparative novices in the gentle art of amateur acting, but

Sir Francis Burnand was at one time well known as an actor, and Mr. Gilbert's own performances are by no means limited to his appearance as Harlequin in the famous Gaiety pantomime, a reminiscence of which is naturally supplied by "The Fairy's Dilemma," for he has also acted, among other characters, both Moustia, the deformed dwarf, and Prince Florian in his own exquisite fairy-play, "Broken Heart."



BEHIND THE SCENES: COLONEL CODY ("BUFFALO BILL")
IN HIS TENT.

Photograph by Whiffin Brothers, Barking.

The chief cities and towns of the United Kingdom converted into what we, following the lead of our cousins across the Atlantic, have got to call "one-night stands"—places in which only a single performance is given—is the spectacle which Madame Sarah Bernhardt is giving to us this week and next. On Monday she acted twice in Dublin, yesterday she was in Belfast, to-day she is at Glasgow, to-morrow she will be at Edinburgh, on Friday at Newcastle, on Saturday afternoon at Bradford, and in the evening at Leeds, while next week she will be seen at Liverpool, Manchester, Hull, Sheffield, Bristol, Harrogate, and York, thus making up a tour which, for fatigue alone, without counting the acting, might well appal a strong man. One thing is certain, that, with only a single opportunity of seeing the great French actress, the theatres are sure to be crammed, no matter how unpropitious may be the climatic conditions for playgoing.

It is undoubtedly a sign of the times that, while the Lord Chamberlain still refuses to withdraw his fiat against the production of Biblical plays on the regular stage, pieces with quasi-Bible titles are coming to the fore. Next Tuesday afternoon, Mr. Graham Browne is to produce "The Pharisee's Wife," in which he and Miss Madge McIntosh, as well as Mr. C. Aubrey Smith and Miss Darragh, will appear; while only the other day we had "The Sadducee and the Sinner." If we go on at this rate, the theatre may in time become quite intellectually emancipate.

Opera-goers had a most delightful evening on Wednesday (June 29) at Covent Garden, when the first performance for many years was given of Verdi's "Un Ballo in Maschera"; in every respect it was a most successful interpretation. This work is full of melodies and the orchestration is quite beautiful. By wonderful instrumental devices does Verdi give some idea of the manner in which he reached the brilliant art of his later years. Caruso's singing of the music allotted to the part of Riccardo was a masterful achievement, and Miss Kurz was also exceptionally good, though she would have been better advised not to have introduced the *cadenza* in the third Act, which did not come from the pen of Verdi; at the same time, she sang it most remarkably well, and received tremendous applause from the vast audience present. Scotti as Renato sang splendidly, and excellent work was also done by Miss Frascani, M. Cotreuil, and M. Journet. Miss Russ, the Amelia of the cast, sang well, and was, perhaps, at her best in the third Act.

A Biography of Browning.

Professor Hall Griffin is engaged on a biography of Robert Browning. Mr. Hall Griffin contributed to the *Athenaeum* a severe criticism of Mr. Chesterton's book on Browning. The value of Mr. Chesterton's work, however, does not consist in the depth of its research into facts. Mr. Hall Griffin may be trusted to give us a sound piece of work.



THE LAVENDER HARVEST: A UNIQUE PHOTOGRAPH.

Taken by French.

MY MORNING PAPER.

By THE MAN IN THE TRAIN.

RUSSIA'S recent attempt to put to sea from Port Arthur was not exactly successful, and it is hardly a matter for surprise that the Russian Press was in no great hurry to publish a report of the proceedings. At the same time, I could not help noticing the prompt way in which the St. Petersburg papers avenged the Russian defeat. Without hesitating a moment, they sank a great Japanese warship in Dalny Bay, sending it to the bottom so rapidly that they had no time to read its name or even rescue a solitary member of the ship's company. I regretted this particularly, for I was anxious to know how a large Japanese war-vessel feels when it is sunk by a Russian newspaper from an office thousands of miles away. But Russian news-editors are terrible fellows when roused. They had already drowned Marshal Oyama and Baron Kodama, his Chief of Staff, having put them for that purpose upon one of the transports met by the Vladivostok Squadron, and then they proceeded to defeat a Japanese Division with the help of Cossacks. They filled a great valley with dead Japs, and sent all the living ones flying back to the coast with the fear of the terrible Cossack General spurring them on. These splendid Press victories must have gladdened the heart of St. Petersburg.

I read, too, in my morning paper that the Czar has given his cousin, the Grand Duke Cyril, a sword of gold, with the inscription "For Valour." I cannot help thinking that the News Agency is in error, or that its representative has misread the inscription, which surely should have been rendered "For Luck." Everybody remembers that the young Grand Duke—who is spoken of in many quarters as the future Czar—was on board the ill-fated *Petropavlovsk* when it sank with that gallant sailor, Admiral Makaroff, and most of his crew. The Grand Duke Cyril had the good hap to be on the bridge, and flung himself into the water. He managed to escape the many surrounding dangers, and was rescued. This was a happy termination to an accident that proved disastrous to so many, but it is hard for the newspaper-reader to see that the valour of the young Prince was in excess of his luck. I suppose it is mere insular prejudice, but I imagine that ninety-nine men out of a hundred who could keep their wits about them would have done the same thing. Self-preservation is the first instinct of man, but only Grand-Ducal self-preservation is associated officially with valour.

"On horror's head horrors accumulate." Hardly have we seen the last of the Profit, and sent him packing across the ocean to blaspheme to the saints of the Zion which is Chicago way, before the Clapton Messiah, waking from his winter sleep, returns to his old

unholy tricks. I don't think that the Messiah hailing from Clapton is as bad as the Profit. The first is probably mad; the second is an arrant impostor for whom the stocks and whipping-post would have served admirably in a less humanitarian age; but one must regret that the police have no authority to deal with these divinely directed folk.

My morning paper tells me that the quarrel between the theatres and the music-halls is still raging, and, as it is clear that Parliament is far too busy and occupied to add to its heavy load of measures, the quarrel is likely to be continued with all the energy associated with

people who think their profits are at stake. Clearly no theatre of varieties dare spend a large sum on producing ballets when it is open for the first fool who comes along to summon the directors for presenting a stage-play. And yet, I believe, the music-halls would not grumble if smoking were permitted in theatres. Ten or fifteen years ago, the variety "turns" of the average music-hall were beneath contempt, save where they called for the prompt attention of the police. Now the busybodies who, without having any real *locus standi*, are permitted to set an obsolete and absurd law in action, are doing their best to shut the music-halls off from everything save dulness and offence. I can but hope that some legal Nelson will put his telescope to his blind eye when he reads the Act upon which certain people hope to wreck the Empire.



PAGAN LONDON.

[DRAWN BY STARR WOOD.]

"Little boy, do you know what will happen to you if you play cricket on Sunday?"
 "Yes, Madam. I shall become a journalist."

to be seen in the Far East, rumour says that Tibet can show a fair specimen of the prevalent world-madness, while German South-West Africa is still unappeased and the mailed fist is not unclenched. But I believe that, if I were to leave my train, I should find that the real war of the hour is being waged in the drapers' shops, where the summer sales are now on. There, without the aid of ambulance-waggons or the succour of the Red Cross flag, thousands of my countrywomen fight through these hot days, ready and willing to perish if need be rather than forego the chance of purchasing something they do not want at less than cost-price. I can imagine no cure for the bitterness and strife of these contests, for the tearing and crushing and crowding and struggling, until some shop-owner, more daring than his predecessors, has a bioscope at work on the field of battle, and then, sending the pictures to some place of entertainment, shows man what his sisters, his sweethearts, or his wives look like when the awful whisper of "remnants" has let loose every evil passion within them.

Special Correspondents assure us that the only genuine war is now

MISS GRACE LANE AS "MISS ELIZABETH," AT THE IMPERIAL.



DRAWN FROM LIFE BY MRS. LEE HANKEY.



THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

BY E. F. S.

("Monocle.")

"WHERE THERE IS NOTHING"—"THE WISDOM OF LORD GLYNDE"—"JULIUS CÆSAR"—"LA BOURSE OU LA VIE."

AFTER the first performance of "Where there is Nothing," Mr. W. B. Yeats, the author, made a little speech, in which he said that some of the audience had asked what was the moral of the play. Then he stated he had noticed that the Irish were very rich in patron saints, but there was none for the spirit of

Mischief. Apparently, we were asked to assume that Mischief is the patron saint of the play and moving spirit of the author; so one must explain the hero's vagaries by the idea that he is suffering from a mania for destruction, not, indeed, of physical things, but of conventional ideas concerning social life in the first three Acts, and religion during the other two. The mere Saxon mind is not subtle enough to understand why this should have led him to join a band of travelling tinkers and unite himself quasi-matrimonially with one of them who exhibited a flagrant dislike for soap. They were poor tinkers, anyhow, and disappointing: one of them—the pet of the gang—gave a "tinker's curse." I have never heard a



MISS TRIXIE FRIGANZA, PLAYING IN "THE PRINCE OF PILSEN" AT THE SHAFTESBURY

Photograph by Ellis and Watery, Baker Street, W.

tinker's curse, though often the phrase, so was thrilled with expectation; but, really, if I may say so, these Irish tinkers cannot swear "worth a damn": it was shockingly bad cursing. Undoubtedly the play has certain qualities, notably in ideas, and ideas are so rare nowadays in dramas that one cannot despise them, even when a little uncertain what they are. Still, it is a pity needlessly to bewilder playgoers and frighten them away from a theatre of ideas. The case is one where the critic longs to cross-examine the author and force him specifically to say what he means. Perhaps Mr. Yeats is entitled to say that his quality is so high that even the thoughts that bewilder him deserve publicity.

The play "Where there is Nothing" is published with several others by the author, and it may be said that it acts better than it reads, yet a good deal of it acts very badly, and the psychological connection between the hero of the first three Acts and the hero of the last two is not obvious, if it exists. The desire to go out "on the road" seems to haunt modern Irish drama, and may be taken as a symbolical expression of a national dislike for conventional life. It is no aspiration for freedom in the present case, since the hero is a well-to-do *fainéant*.

The sheer spirit of vagabondage drives him on his somewhat puerile Nihilistic mission among the tinkers, his adventures with whom are displayed with a woeful want of technical skill—perhaps here the author is showing his defiance of "law and number" as applied to drama. Interest in the work only begins after the third Act. Then the tinker, turned priest, is shown in a crypt, awakening from a trance, or epileptic fit, and preaching doctrines destructive of orthodox religion. There is a powerful, painful scene in which he extinguishes the altar-lights, each symbolical, for the purpose, of some attribute of formal religion. Here the title is explained, if explanation be possible of a phrase such as "where there is nothing there is God," capable of different meanings according to difference of emphasis. Rather long-drawn but decidedly impressive is this Act, and the ideas involved, though old as the hills, at times are finely expressed. In

the last Act the author shows—how far wilfully I do not know—that Paul's ideas travel in a vicious circle: adopt a scheme of destruction of all schemes, and you work on a scheme itself necessarily hostile to itself. With nice humour, he shows two of Paul's followers in Nihilism unconsciously lapsing into "law and number" through innate craving for civilisation. Paul is killed by peasants who fail—like dramatic critics—to understand his views, and fancy, too, that he has bewitched their cattle. It is a pity that an author with such ability as Mr. Yeats, with intense interest in ideas and a noble control of language, should show so little balance and sense of proportion. There seems in the play a wilful, a studied insult to the audience in its extravagances, a determination to stagger the Philistine for the mere amusement of the game, and this fits ill with the treatment of such grave matters. We could not have been worse prepared for the Act in the crypt than by the burlesque of Tolstoy and caricature of Ibsen that preceded it—a burlesque and caricature which made one suspect that some finely expressed ideas were jests.

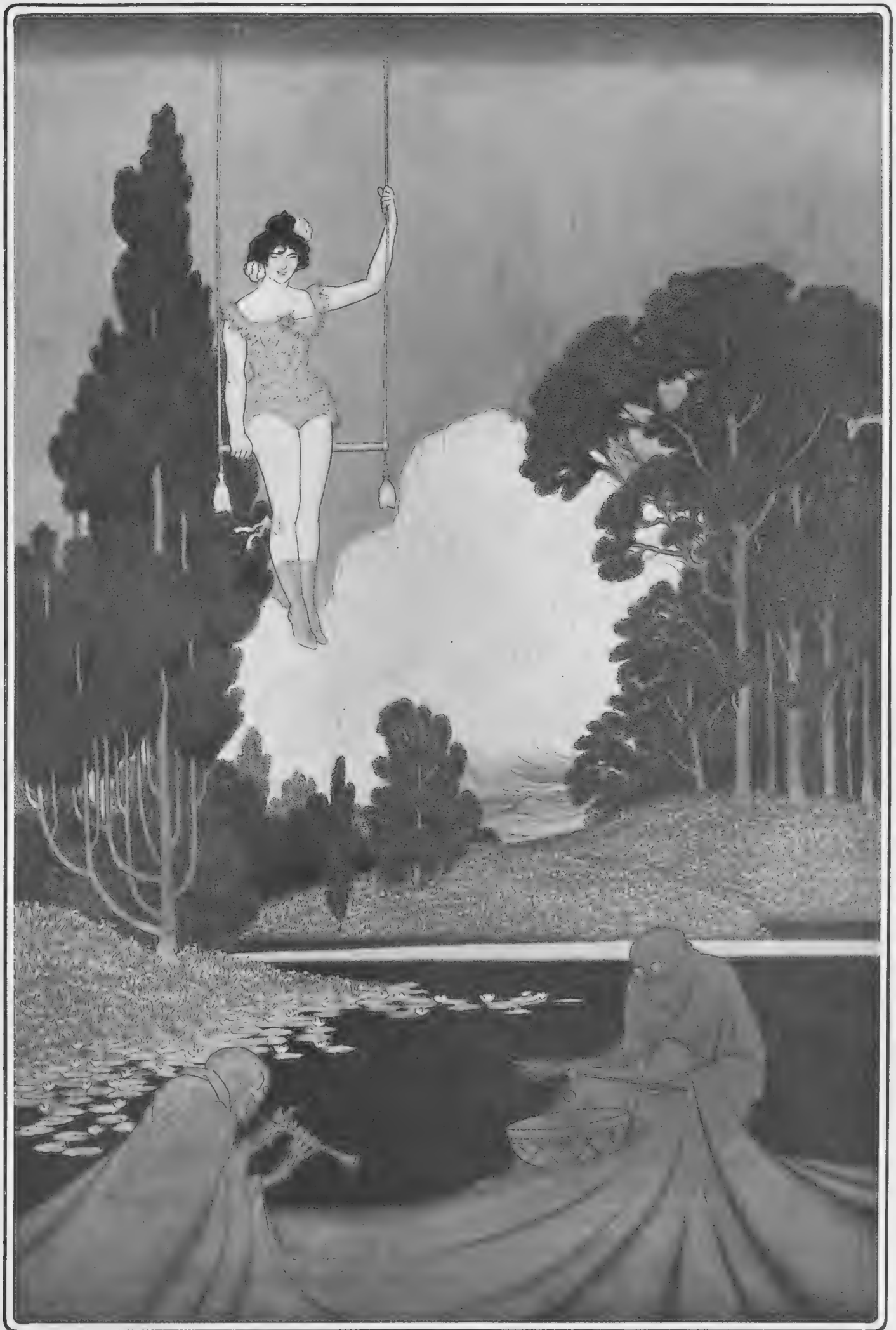
It must be added that the performance was not one of the many triumphs of the Stage Society. Mr. Lyall Swete is an actor of remarkable ability remarkably ill-chosen for the part of Paul; physically his appearance as the ascetic priest, almost dying of fasting and self-mortification, was absurd—he looked fit to wrestle with the conqueror in Saturday's wrestling-match. Nor could he suggest the visionary, drifting mind of the man hovering between a state of excess of spirituality and insanity. A clever, careful, sound, restrained piece of acting by a player utterly unsuitable in temperament was fatal to the piece. However, the Society, in Mr. Blake Adams, presented a comedian of skill and much natural humour who delighted the house.

Indifference of acting played havoc with Miss Estelle Burney's clever little piece, "The Wisdom of Lord Glynde," which has a capital comic idea ingeniously, though somewhat slowly, worked up concerning the way in which a wayward widow was wooed and won by an ardent lover forced to pose as an iceberg whilst a crafty old uncle manœuvred on his behalf. The scene where the elderly Lord Glynde, when trying to win Lady Patricia for his nephew, finds her in his own arms is richly comic, and the adroit move of the nephew by which he saves the uncle and gains the lady is a thoroughly ingenious piece of stage invention. At a time when some managers pretend that there is a lack of good comediettas, and even discourage drama and fight the "halls" by using music-hall "turns" as *leviers de rideau*, it seems absurd that there is no market for works of such quality.

Though few of the original Company were at his command, Mr. Beerbohm Tree's revivals of "Julius Cæsar" were admirable. The absence of Mr. Lewis Waller from the part of Brutus was a serious loss, and Mr. Haviland's Julius Cæsar, though a sound performance, has not the dignity of Mr. Fulton's. Mr. Tree's Antony is certainly a superb piece of acting, peculiarly effective in its modernity and subtlety. The ladies, Miss Constance Collier and Miss Margaret Halstan, were quite excellent as the Portia and Calpurnia. Mr. Lyn Harding, perhaps not quite lean enough in appearance, was a very powerful Cassius; Mr. J. Fisher White's Casca was admirable; almost all the others gave performances of real value.

"La Bourse ou la Vie" showed the Avenue Company at its best. Perhaps it has rather a "tail"—like the other French Companies; but, on the whole, a very clever piece was very cleverly played. The comedy is naughty enough, but without the immoral note distinguishing other Capus plays. Indeed, the naughtiness is of the simple, frank style that reminds one of a tale of Sterne and a lady and the little boy rolling about on the floor. It is not, however, by any means a work depending on mere naughtiness for success, since there is quite a clever little intrigue concerning a young man in a hurry to be rich who becomes, innocently, partner with a rascally banker, and, as a result, is sent to jail when the bank breaks and the partner bolts to Belgium after a Sedan on the London Stock Exchange. M. Tarride was quite brilliantly amusing as the fraudulent banker, with a neatness and skill in technique delightful to the student of acting, and the easy humour of M. René as his dupe was admirable. Mdlle. Dorziat played a delicate scene, in which her virtue is assailed, in such a skilful style that she won a hearty round of applause. Mdlle. Marthe Regnier's candid study of the cocotte with an intense desire for matrimony was skilfully and nicely restrained. What a success this industrious, clever Company would have at a season more wisely chosen.

Tragi-Comedies. By S. H. Sime.



I.—THE HIGH TRAPEZE.

"THE SKETCH" PHOTOGRAPHIC INTERVIEWS.



BEFORE BREAKFAST.

from the early days of telegraphy to bridge rivers and lakes by using the water itself to form part of the circuit. Those experiments were to a certain extent a success, and as long ago as 1875 or 1876 Sir William succeeded in telegraphing across the Solent when the cable to the Isle of Wight was broken, and 1875 was the year in which Mr. Marconi was born.

In 1881, messages which were sent on the Post Office wires to Bradford were read on the telephone at the National Telephone Company's Exchange in London. This accident led to an experimental inquiry, and it was found that signals were transmitted from the Post Office underground wires beneath Gray's Inn Road to those of the National Telephone Company overhead. The result of this was a careful series of experiments, which resulted in the discovery that electric waves set up in the wires were transmitted through space to a considerable distance, thus proving a fact which had always been suspected since the days of Faraday, but had never been detected before. This stimulated experiments all over the country, wherever convenient places could be found, and reports of these experiments were given to the British Association nearly every year from 1884. Wireless telegraphy became a practical fact in 1892, when, while waiting for the completion of the repair of the cable between Oban and the Island of Mull, a distance of three or four miles, the Post Office business was carried on by this means for two or three weeks. In addition, therefore, to being the "Father of Wireless Telegraphy," Sir William, by placing as he did all the resources of the Post Office at Mr. Marconi's disposal and giving him every possible aid in his experiments, might, were he disposed, claim to be the scientific godfather of Mr. Marconi, who, it is interesting to recall, was given his first chance in England. Recognition did not come from his native Italy until this country had enabled him to demonstrate his ability to improve upon the things Sir William Preece and Sir Oliver Lodge, among others, had already done.

If Sir William is a great electrician by education—and his brain is so clear that when once he applies himself to a problem the result is such that more than one eminent electrician and engineer has formulated the phrase, "Preece is always right"—it must be admitted that, had his desires found full sway, he would have been a musician; and it may be remarked in passing that the relationship between music and mathematics is by no means infrequently noticed.

"THE Father of Wireless Telegraphy."

That title belongs, beyond all cavil, by right, to Sir William Preece, who, as a practical man, is conceded to rank first among the telegraphic, electric light and power engineers of our day.

Although the public has only become acquainted with wireless telegraphy during less than ten years—since, in fact, that memorable day in March, 1896, when Mr. Marconi, a youth of barely twenty-one, went with a letter of introduction from Mr. Campbell Swinton to Sir William Preece, the then Engineer-in-Chief and Electrician to the Post Office—attempts had been made

Sir William's first scientific lesson came to him at the age of eight, when he was walking with his father on the banks of the River Seiont, which debouches into the Menai Straits at Carnarvon, his native place. They heard the sound of a blast in the slate-quarries in the mountains near Llanberis, eight miles away, and he asked his father how it was that they could hear the sound from such a distance. "Look here, my boy," said Mr. Preece; "see how the water is disturbed," and he threw a stone into the river. "You see how I have excited waves in it, and how those waves progress in circles with definite velocity. Put your hand into the water and you will feel those waves breaking against it, as I do now," and he suited the action to the word. "The air, although you cannot see it, is as material as the water. You feel it in every puff of wind and see it in every bending bough. The explanation of the gunpowder in the quarry is that it has disturbed this medium as the stone disturbed the water. Waves of air have been excited, they have speeded from Llanberis here, they have broken inside your ear, and they have given you that sensation which we call sound."

In due course, Sir William came to London and went to King's College School, where he became Captain of the School Cricket Eleven, and subsequently at King's College he captained the Eleven there at a time when an All England Eleven played at Lord's and wore top-hats. Sir William left North Wales in 1845, when there was not a mile of railway laid, while his first journey to London, had it been all performed by coach, would have taken two whole days, but it was broken by a train-journey from Liverpool via Birmingham, a journey which occupied ten hours on an express-train.

After leaving College, Sir William entered the office of Mr. Edwin Clark, who, under Stephenson, was Engineer of the Electric Telegraph Company and was in charge of the ironwork in connection with the building of the Britannia Tube Bridge. Mr. Clark invented and established the first practical permissive block system on the London and North-Western Railway in 1853, and Sir William was his assistant in that labour.

During the next few years Sir William made many inventions, including a new duplex system of telegraphy, and was successively Superintendent of the Southern District of the Electric Telegraph Company and Engineer-in-Chief to the Channel



GOTHIC LODGE, WIMBLEDON, THE LONDON HOME OF SIR WILLIAM PREECE. HERE CAPTAIN MARRYAT WROTE MANY OF HIS FAMOUS BOOKS.

Islands Telegraph Company, after which he was appointed a joint officer by the London and South-Western Railway, as Superintendent of their telegraphs. About this time he introduced the absolute block system, which is, to all intents and purposes, worked now as it was then, the little signals inside being worked by electricity in just the same way as the signals outside are worked by hand, the current being then derived from batteries, instead of, as now, from the main supply. Immediately after returning from a visit to Paris in 1863, where he saw electric bells, which had just been introduced by Breguet, Sir William introduced them into



AFTER LUNCH.

LXXXIII.—SIR WILLIAM PREECE, K.C.B., J.P., F.R.S.



"RAILWAY LITERATURE? NOT EXACTLY."



"A PIECE OF THE WOOD IN WHICH THE FIRST PRACTICAL TELEGRAPH WAS LAID FROM EUSTON TO CAMDEN TOWN IN 1837."



"A PIECE OF THE FIRST ATLANTIC CABLE."

England, installing the first domestic electric system in the house of Sir Francis Truscott (subsequently Lord Mayor), in Park Crescent.

It was in 1870 that he went to the Post Office as one of four Divisional Engineers of the telegraph system, and had charge of the whole of the South of England, including South Wales. In 1877 he was moved up to London as Electrician and Assistant Engineer-in-Chief, and in 1892 he succeeded, as Engineer-in-Chief, to the supreme technical control of the electric-telegraph system. During the thirty years which elapsed from his appointment to his resignation under the age-limit, Sir William saw the number of messages rise from 6,000,000 in 1870 to 90,415,123 in 1900, while the number of telegraph-offices increased from 2932 to 11,188, and the miles of wire from 60,000 to 300,000. Under his direction the use of the telegraph for Press purposes assumed its amazing growth through the stimulus of reducing the rate to twopence per one hundred words, so that in his last year at the Post Office close on 7,000,000 Press messages were sent, and the daily average of words was more than two and a-quarter million.

In connection with his work at the Post Office, it fell to Sir William to exhibit the telephone to Queen Victoria when, at Osborne in 1877, Her late Majesty desired to see and hear that instrument, which had only recently been invented. Professor Graham-Bell, the inventor, and his friends went to Osborne to take charge of the instrument there; while Sir William went to Southampton. His assistant, Mr. Wilmot, was in London.

A small band had been engaged in London, and it rehearsed at six o'clock in the evening, as the Queen was to hear it at nine o'clock. The rehearsal was most successful, and, after dining, Sir William went to the office at a quarter to nine, but could not at once get into conversation with Osborne. About a quarter-past nine, he heard what he thought was the Queen's voice, so, after a suitable remark, he turned on the music in London. The band played "God Save the Queen" and another piece. The music went through beautifully. Sir William, however, could not get Osborne to learn the result. At about eleven o'clock, Mr. Wilmot asked if the band might go home, as the men were getting impatient.

Sir William consented, but in another five minutes he got into communication with Osborne, and learnt from Professor Graham-Bell that the wire had gone wrong and that the Queen had not been to hear the instrument, as arranged. Just at that juncture Queen Victoria arrived, and Professor Graham-Bell asked Sir William to put on the band. Without a moment's hesitation, and "prompted by the devil," as Sir William humourously puts it, he hummed the National Anthem. The Queen listened to the end, and then remarked, "It is the National Anthem, but it's very badly played."

On another occasion, Sir William was going to exhibit the telephone to a large audience. There were many learned men present. "It is a remarkable feature of a learned meeting," says Sir William, "that when you call upon a learned member to make a learned remark he frequently makes a foolish one." Sir William selected one of the leading scientific men of the day, and, giving him the telephone, which was connected with another instrument over fifty miles away, he asked him to speak. Instead of some learned axiom, sage aphorism, or wonderful statement, the scientist hesitated for a moment and exclaimed, "Hey, diddle-diddle"; follow up that." He put the telephone to his ear and beamed with joy as he exclaimed, "He says, 'The cat and the fiddle.'" Next day, Sir William met his assistant and asked if he understood "Hey, diddle-diddle." He replied "No." "What did you say?" asked Sir William. "I asked him to repeat," replied the assistant.

His home in Wimbledon, which is a storehouse of rare Persian antiquities, to whose collection Sir William is devoted, has the distinction of being probably the first private house in London which was ever lighted by electricity, Sir William installing his own plant for the purpose.

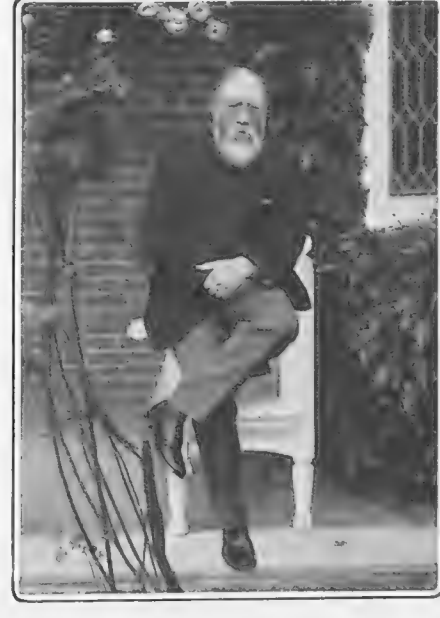
At home he now does most of his writing, beginning at five o'clock in the morning, so that by the time he comes down to breakfast he has done a good day's work.



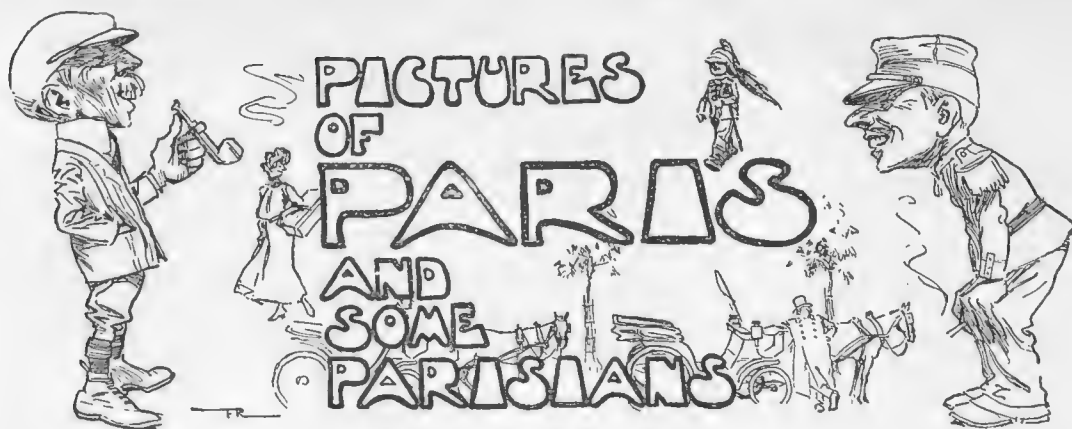
"ONE OF MY HOBBIES."



"ANOTHER. THIS IS A DECIDUOUS CYPRESS, ONE OF THE THREE ORIGINAL SPECIMENS BROUGHT TO THIS COUNTRY FROM CHILL."



"YES, PHOTOGRAPHY HAS COME TO WONDERFUL PERFECTION. WOULD YOU MIND DOING THAT AGAIN?"



By JOHN N. RAPHAEL.

Illustrated by FRANK REYNOLDS, R.I.

IV.—LE QUATORZE JUILLET.

HAROLD and the New Yorker were both violently excited, the former upon general principles, because the prospect of waving a flag and shouting pleased him, the latter because he intended to meet his one and faithful French word face to face at last, go out to the Longchamp Review, and see some Chasseurs d'Afrique in the flesh.

And, though it was only a little after ten, the two of them were, as Mr. Meagles would have said, "allonging and marshonging" up and down the hôtel courtyard, waiting for the Vicomte, Mademoiselle, and me, and, as Harold declared, "veeing" as though to the manner born.

"Come on, come on!" they cried, as we got down the stairs. "Let us get out and see what there is to be seen. The concierge opposite has washed his face, Madame the concierge's dress is entirely buttoned up, for the first time since we have been here, and there are paper roses, and a band-stand in tricolour petticoats, out on the Place des Victoires."

And feeling from the announcement of these portents that the day was not to be an ordinary one, we hurried over what Harold would call our "caffyolly with milk," and we started.

"I suppose," Mademoiselle remarked, "that the crowd is most excited on the place where the Bastille once stood, and that they hold rejoicing there over the recovery of their liberties?"

The Vicomte laughed apologetically. "My faith," he said, "I

danced to meet them, contagion took us all, and there, at about eleven in the morning, Britishers and Parisians danced together in the maddest, most fraternal way imaginable. "Vive Shamberlain!" was the parting shout of our new friends as they went off, and "Chasseur d'Afrique!" was the New Yorker's cordial retort.

And then we bought a cab and drove out to Longchamp to see the soldiers. Harold sat on the box beside the "koshy," who became very friendly with him and gave him his coat to hold before we got to the Champs-Élysées. He would not let him drive, though, because, as the Vicomte interpreted, Cocotte (the horse) preferred to fall down under her own master's guidance, so, finally, Harold turned round, entwined his legs round the Vicomte's neck, and explained the sights in his own fashion as we went along.

All Paris had turned out in its best clothes, and most of the provinces had come up to town to see all Paris do it. As we drove past the Elysée, resisting the New Yorker's wish to call on "Looby," as he called the President, we caught sight of crowds of stout gentlemen in evening-dress, looking, in the bright sunshine, dissipated but important, who hurried up to the gold gateway to pay their respects to the Chief of the State.

And gradually, as we neared Longchamp, the country-side broke into a military eruption. Municipal Guards in their gala white buckskin breeches, burnished casques, and swallow-tail coats of red and black, fine fellows all of them; dragoons like living sardine-tins with hair on horseback, the New Yorker said; "pioupious," the French for "Tommy Atkins," in their sloppy uniforms of blue and red; smart little Chasseurs, and, to the immense glee of one of our party, Chasseurs d'Afrique; Spahis in their flowing robes, Zouaves in their divided skirts, and sailors in *décolleté*, thronged the way more and more, until, when we reached the great racecourse, the huge ground looked like a multi-coloured flower-bed of tricolour rimmed in with black.

There is no need to describe the Review. It was like others of its kind, and we yelled "Vive l'Armée!" and "Vive Chasseurs d'Afrique!" and "Vive la France!" till we could "vive" no more. Then, having lunched at Armenonville, we drove back into the town, and threw ourselves headlong into the gay delight of popular rejoicing.

I hardly know now what we did or did not do. I know that we lost Mademoiselle three times, and, on the last occasion, found her riding on a wooden pig under the escort of a butcher in a blouse and an eccentric-looking comrade with whiskers and peg-top trousers of corduroy floating in the breeze. Harold was always disappearing and turning up again at the head of cake-walking *cortèges* who cheered "l'Angliche si cocasse" to the echo; and when, after a hasty dinner on a restaurant terrace, we landed on the Place de l'Opéra, we were all of us well-nigh spent.

For the whole of Paris had become an Earl's Court gone genially crazy. The dancing—there was dancing at every street-corner—had knocked up a haze of dust, the festoons of tricolour flowers were picked out now with Chinese lanterns, the bands brayed gloriously out of tune, and roundabouts and fair-like booths of every kind were everywhere where there was room for them.

An immense lady with a beaming smile came up and gazed on Harold. "Madame, come on tally voo!" he cried, seized her round as much of the waist as he could compass, and plunged into the mazy dance. The others of us all found partners, too, and, as we gathered round a café table for a moment's rest, the Vicomte breathlessly remarked to Mademoiselle, "What is, perhaps, most curious about the fête-day is that so few can remember why they celebrate it."



Gazed on Harold.



Chasseur d'Afrique.

think to-day's Parisian remembers the Bastille because it is the terminus of the omnibus—I beg your pardon, 'bus—from the Madeleine. But never mind; I think that you shall see Paris enjoy herself to-day."

Pictures of Paris and Some Parisians.

By Frank Reynolds, R.I.



STUDENTS.

THE GREAT WORLD: SOME MEN OF MARK.

MR. WYNDHAM, who has just been admitted, as a member of the Musicians' Company, to the Freedom of the City of London, is one of the few striking personalities of the present Cabinet. Indeed, there are Parliamentary critics who profess to see in the Chief Secretary for Ireland the future Leader of the Conservative Party. He is not only the handsomest, but decidedly the most interesting-looking member of the House of Commons. Imagination, refinement, as well as keenly alert intelligence, are easily to be read in the delicately-cut features, the long face, with the rare combination of dark, rather curly, hair, now fast whitening with the cares of office, and bright-blue eyes. High breeding is there too, the sense of race. A Geraldine he is, of course, the great-grandson of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, but he also descends through Lord Edward's wife, the lovely Pamela, from "Egalité" and Madame de Genlis, and on another side from the famous Lord Egremont, large-minded patron of artists. His father, the Hon. Percy Wyndham, was among the first to join Mr. Chamberlain's new fiscal departure. Mr. Wyndham is only in his fortieth year, but he has already done much. An old Etonian, he made the Coldstream Guards his University, seeing the "real thing" in the Suakin Campaign, and he married Lady Grosvenor and so became step-father of the Duke of Westminster. When Mr. Balfour was Chief Secretary for Ireland, Mr. Wyndham was his private secretary. He first made his mark as Under-Secretary for War. A fox-hunter, a "Soul," a cyclist, a Yeomanry Captain, a railway director, ex-Lord Rector of Glasgow University—Mr. Wyndham is all these, and, in addition, he has proved that literature has lost in him perhaps even more than politics have gained.

Frenchmen are naturally good diplomatists, but M. Paul Cambon certainly stands out among the many good men who have represented France at the Court of St. James's. Although he is only of medium height, his whole manner and appearance are distinguished to a degree. The delicate, pointed beard and carefully trimmed moustaches are now silvery-white, as is also the rather long hair, while the bright-

blue eyes seem to look out upon the human comedy with the easy, urbane, half-humorous, and wholly tolerant appreciation of a true cosmopolitan. Up goes his tortoiseshell-rimmed monocle, and you hear the low, exquisitely modulated voice giving delightfully clear, precise expression to ideas and thoughts which could come only from a highly cultivated mind. M. Cambon possesses an extraordinary social intuition, and he has long been a favourite with the "right people" in English Society. Nor is he less at home in commercial, financial, and industrial circles. It was the friendship of M. Jules Ferry, whom he served as private

he was granted a special audience at which he received from the King's hands the Grand Cross of the Royal Victorian Order. M. Cambon's wife, a charming American lady, died in 1897. He has a son who has already begun to make his mark in his father's profession.

The Canadian Premier, who has been expressing himself with his usual vigour over the Dundonald incident, is the sort of prize boy of our "free, tolerant, and unaggressive Empire." His ancestors were rebels who fought under Papineau, and he himself has the qualities and the fervent Catholicism of the French-Canadians, to whom he belongs by race. Yet King Edward has no more loyal subject than Sir Wilfrid, who, when he was over here for the Diamond Jubilee, explained the paradox in memorable words. "My ancestors," he said, "fought against England and for France. They offered their lives to keep Canada a Bourbon Colony, but, so soon as they saw that British rule meant a real and a new liberty for them . . . then they became the best of British subjects, as are their descendants and fellow-countrymen of to-day. But they are more than that. They are Canadians—citizens of a noble land where there is room for all races and all religions." This tall, gaunt, graceful man, with clean-shaven, intellectual face, long iron-grey hair, brow both broad and high, and penetrating, wide blue eyes, looks more like a Scot than a Frenchman. He has a wonderfully sweet smile and the keenest sense of humour, and it is said that, in his more than thirty years of strenuous political life, he has never made an enemy. He owes much to his step-mother, who was his good genius from

his early childhood, and also to his wife, a lady of his own race and creed.

Sir David Gill, His Majesty's Astronomer at the Cape since 1879, who has been over here on a visit, is Aberdeenshire by birth and an *alumnus* of the Marischal College. Lord Lindsay (now Lord Crawford) made him, when he was only thirty, Director of the private Observatory at Dunecht, and since then Sir David has written his name large in the history of astronomical and geodetic research. He has been useful, too, in boundary surveys, and, withal, he is a capital shot and angler, and, as becomes a savant, devoted to golf.

To follow such a young man as Mr. Winston Churchill will prove no easy task. This, however, is the ambition of Mr. Hartley, now standing for Oldham. He is a "true blue" Conservative, a sound speaker, and a Fiscal enthusiast, so he should prove an addition to the House of Commons.

Mr. H. E. Kearley, who has now been given a colleague in the representation of Devonport of his own Liberal complexion, in the person of Mr. J. W. Benn, has exercised his business powers to his own great profit in the import of tea. Thus he is enabled to shoot, to hunt, and to yacht, to have a fine house in Grosvenor Place, a seat in Wales, and a "cottage" on the river. In the House he was chiefly known for his denunciations of the methods of the Patriotic Fund Commissioners.

Colonel Horwat is one of the bravest among the many brave Russians now occupying important positions in the Far East. As Controller of the Manchurian Railway he has done gallant service.



SIR DAVID GILL, HIS MAJESTY'S ASTRONOMER AT THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

Photograph by Olive and Katharine Edis.



SIR WILFRID LAURIER, PREMIER OF CANADA.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

secretary, which first opened official life to M. Cambon. When M. Cambon in 1898 took the reins at the French Embassy in Albert Gate, our relations with our powerful neighbour across the Channel were in a thoroughly bad state. What a contrast now! When M. Cambon was obliged, owing to a family bereavement, to absent himself from the festivities of His Majesty's memorable visit to Paris,



COLONEL HORWAT, CONTROLLER OF THE MANCHURIAN RAILWAY.

Photograph by Nadar.

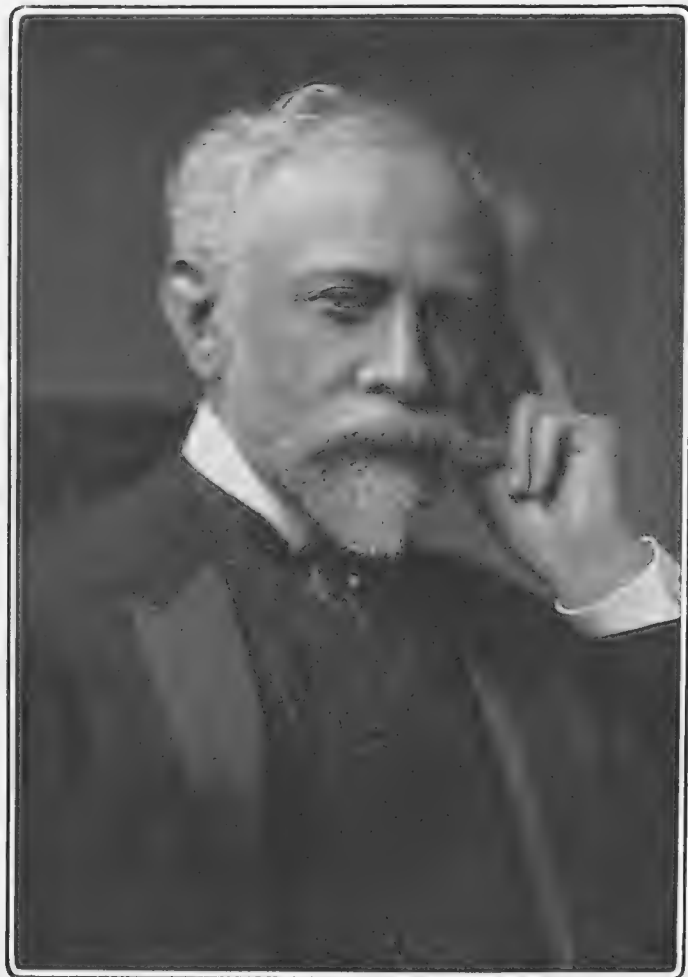
THE GREAT WORLD: SOME MEN OF MARK.



MR. HUDSON KEARLEY,
SENIOR MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT FOR DEVONPORT.
Photograph by Beresford.



MR. E. L. HARTLEY,
CONSERVATIVE CANDIDATE FOR OLDHAM.
Photograph by Beresford.



HIS EXCELLENCY M. CAMBON,
FRENCH AMBASSADOR TO THE COURT OF ST. JAMES'S.
Photograph by H. Walter Barnett, Hyde Park Corner.



THE RIGHT HON. GEORGE WYNDHAM,
CHIEF SECRETARY OF STATE FOR IRELAND.
Photograph by H. Walter Barnett, Hyde Park Corner.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

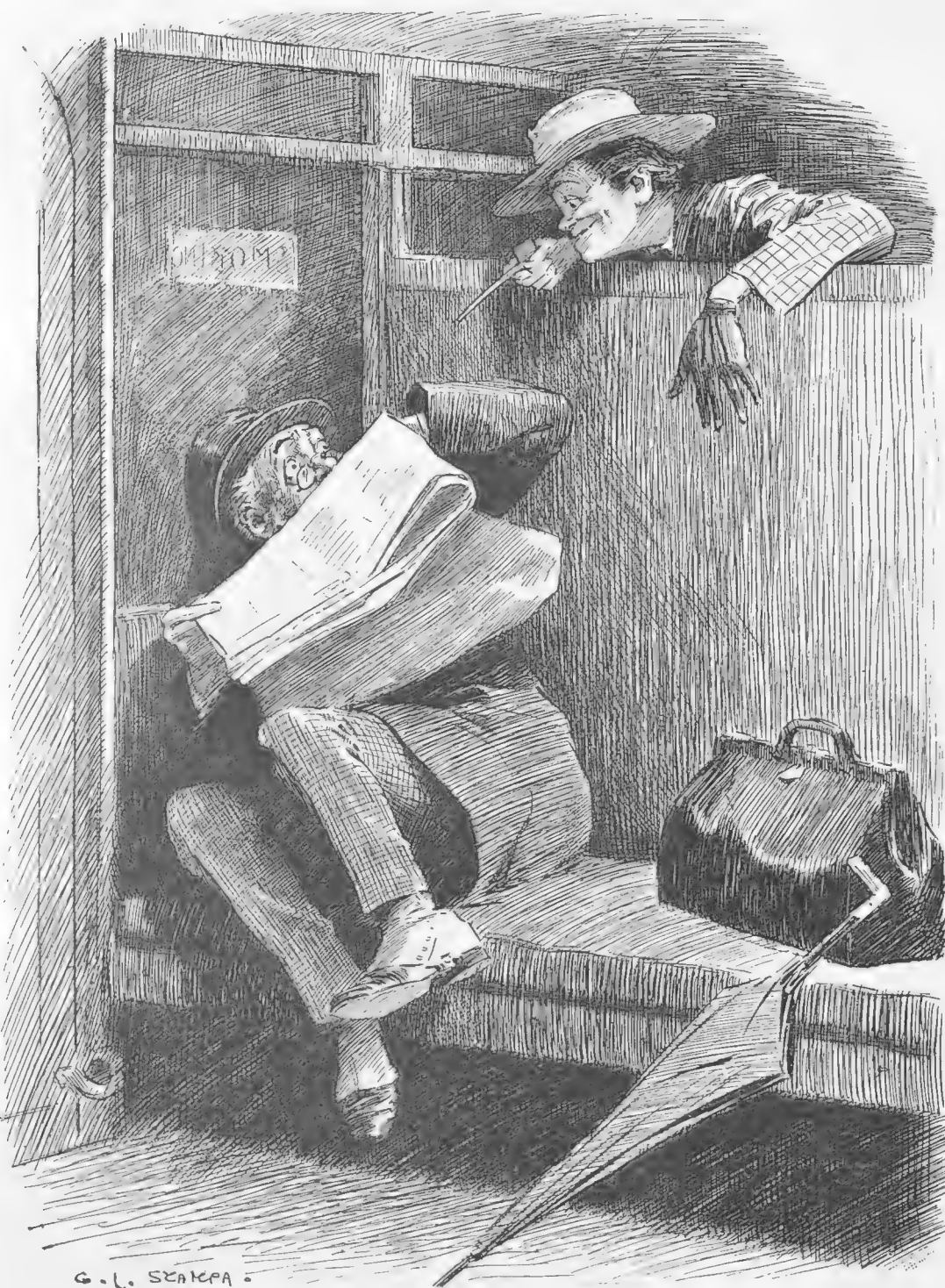
IN the obituary notices of the late Clement Scott little has been said of his father, the Rev. William Scott, of Hoxton. Nevertheless, William Scott was a man of distinct note. He was, at Oxford, one of the most ardent and intelligent admirers of Newman. Newman, amongst his many qualities, had a distinct prevision of the influence of the Press, and used it in his time as much as most. Scott was a born journalist. He was associated with Douglas Cook on the *Morning Chronicle*, and, when his editor started the *Saturday Review*, he proved a valuable recruit. Some of the best and most trenchant of the early *Saturday* articles were by William Scott. In the Letters of Canon Mozley—a book which throws as much light on the High Church movement as any other—there is a most pathetic letter by Scott on Newman's secession from the Church of England. Scott was associated with Canon Mozley in the editorship of that very able quarterly, the *Christian Remembrancer*, which published some of the admirable critical papers of Lord Coleridge. Some pains have been wasted in accounting for the severance of Clement Scott's connection with the *Daily Telegraph*. As a matter of fact, the separation was inevitable. Clement Scott, differing in this by a whole heaven from his father, was a skilful practitioner of "Telegraphese" as that word was understood by Matthew Arnold. Matthew Arnold did much to kill the style, but other influences were at work to reinforce him, and the *Daily Telegraph* of Sala, Beatty-Kingston, Edwin Arnold, and

Clement Scott gradually receded into the infinite azure of the past. Clement Scott had undeniable gifts. He had a good memory and an extraordinary facility. His vocabulary was very extensive and always at command. No one could cover more paper in a shorter time. But when the public taste altered, when eloquence became at a discount, he was helpless, and therein he shared the lot—the bitter lot—of more able men.

The death of Mr. Harvey Orrinsmith, director of the eminent bookbinding firm of Burn and Co., Limited, removes one of the last links between the present generation and the London literary Bohemia of the 'fifties. Mr. Orrinsmith at a very early age joined his father in the wood-engraving business. They worked principally for the *Illustrated London News*, and were on familiar terms with the brilliant circle of authors and artists who helped to make the success of that periodical. The connection between *Punch* and the *Illustrated London News* was, from the first, intimate, and the late Mr. Orrinsmith was familiar with the *Punch* artists and authors, notably with John Leech and Douglas Jerrold. It was he who recorded John Leech's singular legacy of some forty pots of Cayenne-pepper and an equal number of breeches. Later on he became associated in wood-engraving with W. J. Linton, and when Linton went to America, Orrinsmith continued to represent his interests in England. Like Linton himself, he maintained a close friendship with Mrs. Lynn Linton, the brilliant novelist and journalist. As a young man, Mr. Orrinsmith lived for some years in the house of Leigh Hunt. For Leigh Hunt's character and abilities he retained to the end a warm admiration, and with his sons he was on the closest terms of friendship. Another warm friend of these and later days was the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." Later on, Mr. Orrinsmith was on familiar terms with William Morris, and it is worth saying that he warmly repudiated recent charges against Morris's business qualities. He maintained, and he had special opportunities for knowing and judging, that William Morris in business was the very soul of honour. As a bookbinder, Mr. Orrinsmith had to do with many authors and publishers, and everywhere he endeared himself not merely as a most capable man of business, but also as the most loyal of comrades. Mr. Orrinsmith had a keen sense of humour and an enviable faculty of enjoyment.

Following the example of other publishers, Messrs. Archibald Constable and Co. have moved to new premises. They have become familiar to the trade in the house in which they started, No. 2, Whitehall Gardens. The old house was haunted by literary ghosts—or rather, perhaps, the site of it was. The building itself was erected about 1824, and was occupied for some years by Benjamin Disraeli, previous to his last appearance in 1874. In these rooms more than one historic interview took place between Lord Salisbury and Mr. Disraeli—the two greatest of modern Conservatives.

On June 25 the *Athenæum* published its four thousandth number, and very reasonably purred over the fact to the extent of three paragraphs. One paragraph describes Charles Wentworth Dilke as the "real founder" of the great critical journal. Its characterisation may be defended if the "real founder" of a journal is the man who first makes it pay, or, in journalistic language, brings it round the corner. This, no doubt, Dilke did for the *Athenæum*, and no one can praise too warmly his accuracy and research. But a journal may pay and yet exercise comparatively little influence. Turning over an old collection of literary paragraphs, I found the other day that T. K. Hervey, a man whose name is now forgotten, was credited at the time of his death by Edmund Yates with the establishment of the *Athenæum* as the dominant organ of literary influence. Hervey, I have heard from other sources, was frequently embarrassed in his circumstances, and had a somewhat clouded evening of life. Anyhow, the success of the *Athenæum*, admirably maintained under the skilful editorship of Mr. Frank Rendall, is a matter on which all who have the best interests of literature at heart may congratulate themselves. O. O.



NERVES: AN UNDERGROUND STUDY.

[This old gentleman has been reading about an escaped lunatic who is still at large.]

SUDDEN APPARITION: "Could you oblige me with a match?"

FIVE NEW BOOKS.

"THE DEVELOPMENT OF MAURICE MAETERLINCK."

By W. L. COURTNEY.
(Grant Richards. 3s. 6d.)

temperance and sanity put the critical reader into good humour at once, and the frank admission in his sixth line that the title "Belgian Shakspeare" has been somewhat rashly bestowed on the poet really



MR. W. L. COURTNEY, AUTHOR OF "THE DEVELOPMENT OF MAURICE MAETERLINCK."

Photograph by Maull and Fox, Piccadilly.

helps the case of his client. So much windy nonsense, indeed, has been uttered about this latter-day writer by amiable enthusiasts that many dry, clear intellects have been offended in him, and have, no doubt foolishly, accorded him less than his due. To these Mr. Courtney's essay will reveal the Maeterlinckian gold. The essayist finds a first period in which the traffic of Maeterlinck's stage is purely spiritual; reality and even bodily presence, as in "Aglavaine and Selysette," have no part there. In this and other early plays the characters are the helpless sport of some dread Destiny. But anon he invades the realm of fact, scientific fact, not of man's life, but of the bee's, and this he presents as pure poetry. How this study may be linked with his change of view regarding life in the essay "Wisdom and Destiny" Mr. Courtney does not definitely inquire, but he notes the achievement of a truer philosophy in the conception of fate as that which we make part of ourselves. Later, Maeterlinck discovers the springs of action, and therefore of destiny, in the subconscious self, which theory is elaborated in "Joyzelle." Here it is extremely difficult to follow him, for the matter is purely speculative; but it gives opportunity for much beautiful and ethereal workmanship which we had best accept as it is set before us, asking no questions. To attempt to systematise Maeterlinck, indeed, is to run the risk of losing him, but Mr. Courtney has cleverly evaded that misfortune by sheer sympathetic insight and exposition. It might have been well, however, to have enunciated the successive stages of the Belgian's thought with a little less solemnity, for, interesting as it is to see a process, which Greece required three great dramatists to evolve, at work within the single brain of the young and living genius, it is not hid from so accomplished a scholar as Mr. Courtney (although it may be from some of his readers) that the first conception of fate is that of Æschylus, the second that of Sophocles. The third conception, if not entirely that of Euripides, although it has produced a "deeper human note" which may save the parallel, is at least very near to Milton's: "The mind is its own place and in itself can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven." Again, the teaching, "The Kingdom of God is within you," is older than Maeterlinck, but, as a modern to moderns, he is an acceptable setter forth of the old world in the guise of the new, and is, with every advance in reasonable thought, more secure of understanding hearers. In Mr. Courtney's little book, by the way, there are other able studies of foreign writers, notably of Tolstoi, d'Annunzio, Turgenieff, and Gorky.

"THE FOOL-KILLER."

By LUCAS CLERVE.
(Fisher Unwin. 6s.)

the same relentless dissection of emotions, the same note of tragedy runs through it all. It matters little that the self-proclaimed genius is replaced by the Society widow of forty who marries a man of six-and-twenty, only to find in a few weeks that youth will to youth, that the environment is entirely different, that suicide by drowning yields before suicide by poison, that the

story is only in part in diary form: the atmosphere remains the atmosphere of Arthur Stirling, and it is as fascinating in the English as in the American work. "The Fool-Killer," too, is essentially a one-character novel, and that character is not the contemptible cad, "whose brutal sincerity . . . earned for him the title of 'the fool-killer.'" Claire, Lady Marchmont, dominates this book as surely as Arthur Stirling dominates the other: the remaining figures in it, admirably portrayed as they are, fall into the position of accessories. As a whole, the novel is an odd mixture of sentimentality and cynicism, the record of a woman's piteous confession and abnegation that has the ring of truth.

"THE APPRENTICE."

By MAUD STEPNEY RAWSON.
(Hutchinson. 6s.)

This is in many ways a pleasant story, the scene of which is laid at Rye, where William Malines, a skilled and energetic shipbuilder, conceives great harbour schemes which are obstinately resisted by the neighbouring squirearchy. It is a contest between the forces of land and sea, and land wins. The hero, Sterne Wildish, who becomes, even before his apprenticeship is over, Malines's right-hand man, is the illegitimate son of Sir George Orwald, Malines's bitterest opponent. Both Wildish and his legitimate brother, Captain Orwald, fall in love with Foy, the daughter of Malines, who, naturally enough, prefers the Captain to the silent, rather dour apprentice. Mrs. Rawson then develops, with amusingly prim propriety, what is called in the cant phrase of the day a "strong" plot, which is, however, too strong for her powers. Foy is, somehow, not a very attractive figure, and it is a thousand pities that her mother died when she was a child. The reader experiences an increasing desire that she should be well slapped. The character of Wildish is finely drawn, and so is that of Malines—self-centred, ambitious, impatient of his slow-witted citizen neighbours. But really the reader is best pleased when Mrs. Rawson takes him on a tree-felling expedition, or into the shipbuilding yard, or across the magnificent stretches of salt marsh.

"THE DEVOTEES."

By O. SHAKESPEAR.
(Heinemann. 6s.)

Here we have a curious psychological study of a beautiful woman—quite perfect along her own line—whose passion for admiration transcends every other feeling, making her resentful even of her own son when he can no longer be treated as her pretty, petted baby. It is a sure hand that treats this theme. There is no defection to side-issues; from the beginning we follow the slow, consistent development of the character of Princess Libanoff, and feel the impossibility of rescuing her from her tawdry entourage, even as her son is made to feel it after repeated unsuccessful attempts to save her from the inevitable approach of the time when her lightest whim will cease to be law, when, as he feels, she will "try to cajole a world she had treated hitherto as a child treats a ball." Aptly named the devotees are Tony, the son, and Marie Libanoff. The latter, the Princess's step-daughter, is a strange girl, bound to the Princess by a peculiar tie, half devoted, half rebellious, blind to nothing, yet unable to leave the beautiful, imperious woman with whom she has lived since she was a little child. The Princess has linked Tony and Marie together in the same curious fate—they are unable to live a life of their own. She must be guarded and saved from herself, and these two lives are to be sacrificed. It is not strange that they should come to a mutual understanding; perhaps not strange that, even while deciding to plod on, both cherishing their mutual care, the way to their own happiness suddenly lies open, for the Princess chooses her own haven of refuge, and they are free. The subsidiary characters—among others, the French grandpapa, with his courtly ways, his cynical mind, and his charming heart, typically French; and old Lord Edenbridge, typically English—take their relative positions, yet tell well in the picture.

"THE HONOURABLE BILL."

By FOX RUSSELL.
(Arrowsmith. 6s.)

We make the acquaintance of the Hon. William Earlin on the deck of a Congo steamer, on "a steaming, sweltering day," in "such heat—humid and stifling—as the West Coast of Africa alone can produce." He is on his way home to enjoy the fruits of slave-driving in the regions of "the white man's grave," for the proceeds of his labour in collecting rubber, palm-oil, and ivory have provided him with the means of acquiring a snug little "box" in the more wholesome atmosphere of the Dorsetshire downs. Here "The Honourable Bill" falls in love with the daughter of a genial sporting Rector, is arrested for murder, and acquitted—in a perfunctory sort of way—and in the end his innocence is made manifest, though, perhaps, not with the publicity it deserves. The evidence in the trial points so clearly to the actual culprit that one feels rather impatient with the denseness of the clever solicitor and brilliant barrister retained for the defence. This, however, was necessary to the satisfactory completion of the story. "The Honourable Bill" and his lady-love are admirably drawn, as are also his fatuous nephew and the "sharp" who exploits and ultimately murders the latter. The incidents in the hunting-field and on the racecourse are also quite convincing, and, altogether, Mr. Fox Russell may be congratulated on having written a novel which will assuredly rank among the best of the season.

THE HUMOURIST ON THE PIER.



A LABOUR OF LOVE.

DRAWN BY LEONARD LINSDELL.

THE HUMOURIST IN THE COUNTRY.



"Father'll be past 'ere in a minute with a new 'orse. 'E wants to see if it'll shy at yer."

DRAWN BY G. L. STAMPA.

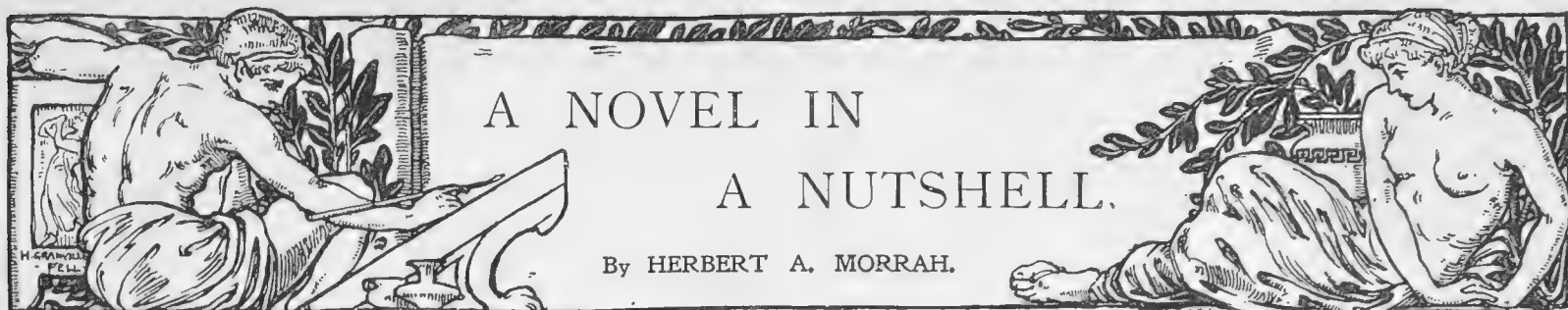
HENLEY WEEK: TWO IMPORTANT EVENTS.



1.—"THE LADIES' PLATE."

2.—"THE DIAMONDS."

DRAWN BY LANCE THACKERAY.



A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

By HERBERT A. MORRAH.

A KNIGHT IN FUSTIAN.

IT is well known that the Commerills of Verringley are a very ancient family. Perhaps it is not so well known that for several generations its representatives have been at sixes and sevens among themselves.

When Vida Selwyn, the new Lady Commerill, came into the sacred circle, it was with the determination to heal the old feuds and steer clear of new ones. This was strengthened when she heard a few home-truths from friends and neighbours, among others from Lady Rosa Moyle.

"My dear," said this stately personage, "that you should want to put things right is most sweet of you. But I think your poor, dear mother-in-law, as, living, she would have been—always the dearest of friends to me—was really well-advised when she *drew the line*."

"Drew the line at what?" asked Vida Commerill, innocently.

"Do you mean to say you don't know? Oh, I couldn't possibly tell you. But where on earth can you have been brought up?"

"All over the place," Lady Commerill laughed, sweetly. "You know, my father was in the Service. That means a roving life, of course. But home is home always, isn't it? Home is the people who make it, and one can never forget what it was, even though it might be constantly shifted."

"Shifted!" murmured Lady Rosa, with a peculiar sniff. But she quickly reverted to her original train of thought.

"Of course," she added, thoughtfully, "it was very different for *her*."

"Was it?" asked Vida.

"Possibly she was just a little stand-off."

"Starchy?" questioned Vida, mischievously.

Lady Rosa frowned. "Her father, the Duke, was noted for his magnificent deportment," she observed, severely. "She certainly did great credit to her upbringing. She never allowed you to forget who she was."

"How very considerate of her!" Vida answered. "Some people have such wretched memories. . . . But I, too, am a Commerill. I am as much a Commerill as Sir Roderic himself."

"Of course," Lady Rosa said, accepting the rebuke, and secretly admiring the girl of spirit, "of course, dear Lady Commerill! And you will in time be as much to this place as those who have gone before you. Forgive me if I say 'in time.'"

"Indeed, indeed!" replied Vida, flushing a little.

"That is necessary," continued the visitor, "when we remember what terrible trials *they* may have had to put up with."

"Isn't it best to put away the past as much as possible?"

"If you can," Lady Rosa agreed. "Here you cannot. The child Alice is still alive; in her position it is impossible that she should be much longer ignored. She must be quite twenty by this time. I really feel almost sympathetic towards her personally, though I can do little. And that Mrs. Windsor is too terrible for words."

"I am still quite in the dark," Lady Rosa.

The visitor shut her eyes. "Then your husband has told you nothing? I am not surprised. It is a painful story. The quarrel began about money and ended about marriage. No doubt, you have got over the division of the property; but it is more difficult to get over living people. Having said so much, I may as well say all."

"I remember your husband's uncle so well. John Commerill was the handsomest man of his day. His wife—the first wife, of course—was a sweet little thing, and when she ran away with that scamp, Dick Lovell, I always thought she must have done it in a fit of foolish passion. That didn't justify John Commerill in acting as he did. He brought a terrible woman to West Verringley, who made the place notorious. She was only one of many. No decent reputation was safe under that roof. He called her his wife, and she may have been, for all I know; but, of course, they were cut by the county. A low, disgraceful, theatrical crowd, painted and bedizened, without a shred of shame. Then came a tragedy, such as you read of in books, and John Commerill and the actress were buried in the same grave. One draws a veil over these things. I hate harrowing people's feelings, but, perhaps, I hate worse blinking facts. And, you see, all this time there was little Alice, the child of the first ill-starred marriage, growing up to inherit West Verringley. I don't wonder if Sir Roddy doesn't like it, any more than his father did; but there she is, very much alive, and her guardian is Mrs. Windsor, a most impossible person. You see what eventualities are opened up now."

"I feel sorry for this poor Alice Commerill."

"How angelic of you!"

"Until now I had never heard of her."

"I ought not to have told you."

"I shall make a point of going to see her."

"But Sir Roddy—suppose, on his return—"

"He will approve, Lady Rosa, of anything I may choose to do," said the proud young wife.

A week later, Lady Commerill drove over to West Verringley. The place was a beautiful one, and the house hardly less noble than Verringley Hall itself. Both were show-places of considerable rank. Here, at West Verringley, the gardens were the great feature, just as at the other mansion the architectural beauties were of the highest order.

Lady Commerill found no one at home.

The next morning she received a letter, written in the third person, from Mrs. Windsor, asserting in terms of peculiar forcefulness that the slight had been intentional, and that on no occasion would the occupiers of West Verringley be at home to Lady Commerill, who was furthermore informed that she had committed a breach of social decorum in thus attempting to acquaint herself with people who had no desire to know her.

"Told you so!" said Lady Rosa, triumphantly, when she heard the story. "That house is a prison, and that woman is a barbarian."

But Lady Commerill was not weary of well-doing. And it so happened that she was expecting her brother to stay. "Jack's the man for me!" she reflected. To her mind there was no man in the world, with the exception of absent Sir Roddy, who could compare with the smart young Captain of Hussars, best of brothers, bravest of soldiers, most loyal of friends.

So, on the evening of his arrival, at dinner, as he talked of the old days, she talked of the new.

"Haven't you found it all you expected?" he asked.

"Oh," she said, "all I want is that everybody should be as happy as I am."

"Then there's nothing amiss," he returned. "You and I ought to be the happiest people in the world."

"Are you in love, Jack?" she asked, in surprise.

"Very nearly," he said. "Indeed, if there is such a thing as love at first sight, I am quite in love. I'm perfectly in earnest, old girl; and you know I wouldn't breathe such a confession to anyone but you."

"But who can it be, Jack? I don't understand."

"I had a bit of an adventure on my way here. You know, I came from Aldershot—a cross-country journey which meant changing. I did change at a station within twenty miles of Verringley, and happened to render some assistance to a very pretty girl who had lost some of her belongings and could get no help from those churls on the railway. We had a longish time to wait, and became quite pals. By Jove, she's as good a sort as I've met for a long time!"

"A lady?"

"Of course, a lady! What's more, a Commerill! 'Here's luck,' I said to myself when I found out, which I only did at parting, 'for Vida can tell me all about her. Unless—'"

"Yes, Jack, I'm afraid it is 'unless.'"

The young man whistled.

"Oh, no; we never mention her, Her name is never heard," he hummed. "But, I say, Vida, these family feuds are the greatest humbug."

"This one is very real, I'm afraid," said his sister. She told the story as far as she knew it.

"Well, I mean to cultivate her. You must help me, Vida. I really mean it."

"But it is just what I was going to ask *you*. I wanted to see her. I tried to end the feud, but I am barred out. I don't believe it's the poor girl's fault."

"I'm sure it isn't. Somehow, the very sadness that comes into her face now and then when she smiles is too beautiful. You'll think I'm talking awful rot, I know, but, honestly, I never met anyone at all like her. She's got such deep eyes, such a gracious way of suggesting a difference of opinion. When I found out her name, I was tremendously surprised. I believe I forgot to bow to her when I said good-bye at the station; but when I handed the rugs to the footman and he said, 'Miss Commerill's carriage is waiting, sir,' I was nearly knocked off my feet. And now to find you are strangers, after all. Well, I shall go and call."

"I'm so afraid," said Lady Commerill, sorrowfully, "that

Captain Selwyn will be no better received at West Verringley than the mistress of this house."

So, in fact, it proved. The caller was barred out.

"She is evidently a real prisoner," Lady Commerill said.

"Then how did she get out?" questioned Jack Selwyn, triumphantly. "Oh, no, I'm not going to believe that story! The old woman may behave like a brute to you, but she can't to her. No one could."

"I don't know. She lets her out sometimes, of course. But when they drive, it is always in a hooded barouche, and, for the rest, no one ever sees them. One might as well try to beard the Lama of Tibet in his den as Mrs. Windsor in her fastness at West Verringley."

"I don't mind betting that I'll get in," said Selwyn.

They were in the garden. A garden is the very place for happy thoughts, and, as they sat on the lawn, watching in the distance the movements of one of the gardeners, the young officer suddenly gave one of his cheerful whistles.

"Got it!" he said.

"What?"

"An idea. Put down your letter and listen to me."

"It's from Roddy," Lady Commerill remarked. "He's awfully interested about poor Alice Commerill. 'Go in and win,' he says. 'I've no objection; the quarrel is dead long ago, and they are quite welcome to West Verringley; but that Windsor woman is a Tartar.'"

"Well," Selwyn said, "I've got an idea that'll beat her. I hear she's great at gardening."

"That's the one thing that brings her into contact with people. She takes scores of prizes at the Shows."

"They'll be wanting extra labour at this time of year, Vida."

"Possibly."

"I'm awfully good at potting."

"You might so easily make a false step."

"With my own special Scotch accent, I can undertake to win any head-gardener's heart."

"While the heart you want to win —"

"Trust me to look after that! Now, which one of your men can I tackle? Someone who won't talk."

"McTavish is guaranteed to be as silent as a kirk on a week-day."

McTavish, in fact, rose nobly to the occasion, supplying an outfit and commending the young officer heartily to his compatriot, Mr. Alexander Dinweddie. So Selwyn was enabled to set out upon his adventurous journey. Within twenty-four hours he was at work in the West Verringley potting-sheds. Luck favoured him also in the fact that a room was given him in one of the cottages on the estate.

The days passed pleasantly enough. Selwyn never showed his grit more than he did whilst he was playing this part, for his fellow workmen never suspected for a moment that he was anything but what he pretended to be, and they swallowed his stories, as far as they could understand them, with the greatest relish. The nights were, perhaps, a shade more irksome.

In three days' time he felt that he knew his way about and could be more venturesome. He had become intensely interested in the personality of the wonderful Mrs. Windsor, who descended to the gardens three times every day, and invariably contradicted the orders given on the previous occasion.

One cannot say that Mrs. Windsor was attractive to look at. She was breadth without length. The colour of her hair was of that reddish tinge which seems insensible to the light; it is more than possible that all life had been taken out of it by long years of doctoring. While her general appearance was tawdry, her manner was exceedingly dramatic. She herself imagined that she swept through the gardens with the air of a queen.

Selwyn, of whom as yet she had taken no notice, was equal to hating her. So far, her charge had never once appeared in the gardens. What tyranny!

But, at last, one evening she appeared. Yes, there she was, walking with the duenna, looking charming, desirable, unhappy. They paused under a cypress; it was more than ever like the Italy of Boccaccio. He saw Romance stepping towards him, and yet he could not move forward in greeting.

They came in his direction. He bent over his work.

"Yes," Mrs. Windsor was saying, in tones which cut the air; "'duty' is a big word, and a big thing. But West Verringley is not a place to be sneezed at. You have to remember that your father was slighted, and it is in your power to revenge yourself."

"I don't at all like the word 'revenge,'" said Miss Alice.

"Call it something else, then," Mrs. Windsor continued, sharply. "You will be your own mistress in little more than a month's time. I should like to know before that day comes that my labour had not all been thrown away. You know the De Veyne estate." Her words died down.

A queer smile lit up the face of the young man bending over his work close at hand. But Alice looked miserable.

"Don't!" she whispered.

"Verringley Hall would look a trifle foolish *then*, I fancy," the curious old lady said. "Who would be the big personage in these parts then? Who would turn up her nose? Lady de Veyne would be a somebody, I should imagine! My dear Alice, Lord de Veyne left me in no doubt as to his intentions. Now do be nice about it. See how nice *I* am! I am just going to fish out Dinweddie and get some of those immense godetias for him. It is something to be able

to beat Lord de Veyne on his own ground, and, besides, when he gets them he will think of you. Now, wait here a few minutes while I go."

She disappeared, and Alice, head downcast, sauntered up and down the garden-path.

Selwyn watched her. He stood upright, folded his arms, and gazed for the sheer pleasure of it. A butterfly flew close to her and she looked up, and her glance fell upon the young gardener. She looked again, and blushed hotly. No, it could not be! But he smiled.

And then she smiled also.

"Surely," she said, "I must be dreaming, or else it is a joke."

"I'm in dead earnest," he said. "I am here for a reason."

"Tell me the reason."

"I want to know if you are happy."

"Far from it!"

"I want to know if it is by your wish that those who want to be your friends are turned away from the door."

"Not my friends," she answered.

"My sister, Lady Commerill —"

"Your sister?"

"Yes; she came, hoping to see you, and was refused."

"But she is our enemy, not our friend."

"What a word from your lips!"

"It is not my thought at all!" she cried.

"You see how hard it is to get at the truth," he said. "I had to adopt this ruse to reach you. Must it always be so? Can't you make your own life?"

"Not yet, not yet."

"But in six months —"

"I sometimes think another day of it would kill me. I might seek my freedom earlier. Perhaps you heard what was said? Perhaps you have heard of Lord de Veyne?"

"He is notorious enough," said Selwyn, with scorn.

"I only know of his love for flowers," she said.

"He is better known as a wrecker of women's lives."

She shuddered.

"But here I am a prisoner," she said. "I can't endure it much longer."

"Don't!" he whispered. "Am I not here to set you free?"

He turned quickly back to his work as he saw the portly form of Mrs. Windsor again approaching.

"I do not know, Alice, why you should assume an attitude so confidential towards a dependent," she observed.

"I was speaking about the flowers," Alice said.

For her it was a sleepless night. She was indeed awake to that glorious feeling which comes but once in a lifetime. This man had done an action which seemed rare and beautiful. He had found a barrier, and he had broken it down. How slight was the knowledge of the world which this girl possessed, how falsely imagined it must be, seen through the spectacles of the termagant with whom she lived; and yet how true her instinct and how fine!

Not once through the next bright days did her heart falter. They stretched out to a month.

Both were young enough to delight in the humour of the situation. It was a perpetual joke to dodge Mrs. Windsor, but beyond this they obtained a joy ever increasing from their stolen meetings. To Alice came the gratifying knowledge that there was a world, beyond the barriers which folly had erected, not wholly deficient in beauty and kindness and grace.

And so he schooled her. Then he pleaded with her to take another step, and to take it in secret.

The preparations were made, and one morning, instead of proceeding to his work in the gardens, Jack Selwyn found himself in the position of a man who must remember two things: first, that his leave from Aldershot was not indefinite; and second, that even the shortest of honeymoons must be preceded by a service at which the presence of the faithful few is all that is necessary. It need hardly be said that Mrs. Windsor was not one of these.

But she missed Alice at the breakfast-table. She was alarmed, and something more than alarmed, by the sudden inrush of Mr. Dinweddie.

"It's time ye knew!" he cried, without ceremony. "Ye've time to stop it if ye're quick. That braw youth frae the gairden; him and Miss Alice they've carried on under yer very nose . . ."

But it was too late. Something of the story, though in a queer mist, reached Mrs. Windsor's fainting brain.

"Where did he come from?" she demanded, sternly.

"I took him from Verringley Hall," he said.

Mrs. Windsor ordered a carriage. She drove at full speed to the Hall. She asked for Lady Commerill.

"Her Ladyship is gone to church."

She drove thither. She reached it just as the bridal party came out. When she saw the bridegroom, she turned purple and then white.

Alice came forward, radiantly happy. Mrs. Windsor, holding a crushed letter out to her, cried, "Child, child, when you could have had Lord de Veyne—see, here's his letter—you've gone and married a gar-gar-gardener!"

They dried her tears. They pressed round her, laughing, explaining. The bewildered woman grew calmer.

And at last, Lady Commerill, her sweet face beaming with kindness toward all the world, came up to her and put her hand in hers, saying, "Now that dear Alice is so happy, can't we all be friends?"



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



WHEN the quicksilver rises in the thermometer the "dead gold" sinks in the managerial till, is an axiom in the theatrical world. Perhaps, therefore, because the weather is particularly warm, events have shaped themselves to make the end of the season something of an exception, and the business of the theatres may be said to resemble the immortal little girl with the curl in the middle

door" is to receive a theatrical exculpation to-morrow evening. Instead of resting content with a programme which has endured for close upon a hundred nights, Mr. Lewis Waller has resolved to produce a new one-Act play. "The Password," by Alicia Ramsey and Rudolph de Cordova, is a serious play with a tragic episode, and will thus form a striking contrast to the lightness of "Miss Elizabeth's Prisoner." It will serve to re-introduce to London audiences Miss Vane, an actress who has been for a long time devoting herself to the daily round, the common toil, of the provinces, and she will be assisted by Mr. Charles Sugden and Mr. Frank Dyall. The action of the play, which is laid in St. Petersburg, and passes in a room in the Palace of the Minister of the Interior, concerns itself with the tracking of a Nihilist spy and the means by which he is saved from the usual fate which, sooner or later, awaits such gentlemen.

The fear of hurting other people's feelings is responsible for what has become a humorous phase of the life theatrical. If a man is what we humorously call in the Green-room "a naughty delineator"—theatrical jargon for a bad actor—instead of saying so outright, we invariably use the euphonic expression, "He is good to his mother." Thus do we spare his feelings as an actor by finding a compensating good which, as Mr. Gilbert once so sapiently remarked, "has nothing to do with the case."



MISS MAHEL HACKNEY (MRS. LAURENCE IRVING)

Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.

of her forehead who, when she was good was very, very good, but when she was bad she was horrid. The theatres which have been doing a successful business have been those presenting the lightest forms of entertainment, though there are few, if any, which can truthfully be said to have been giving even the lighter forms.

Among the theatres which still defy the dog-days, no matter how baleful may be the influence of Sirius, are the two chief houses controlled by Mr. George Edwardes, for business at the Gaiety and at Daly's keeps so enormous that there will be no summer recess. Indeed, the same thing happened during the two years' run of "A Country Girl," and, if anything, "The Cingalee" is even more successful. Similarly, Mr. Frank Curzon will keep open house at the Strand, under the protecting influence of "Sergeant Brue"; and "The Earl and the Girl" will remain at the Adelphi during July and August, probably finishing on an early Saturday in September, to reopen on the following Monday at the renovated Lyric. Through July and August, too, the Criterion refuses to shut, so that the West-End will offer a larger selection of plays than usual for the amusement of "Joan" and the rest of the family of country cousins who honour us with their company and prevent London from being entirely empty.

"The Garden of Lies," Mr. Forman's story which has appeared as a serial in the *Windsor Magazine*, has been dramatised by Mr. Sydney Grundy, and will be produced by Mr. George Alexander at the St. James's Theatre when it reopens after the summer vacation. Indeed, in accordance with Mr. Alexander's custom, early rehearsals began this week, so that on reassembling after the holidays the members of the Company may be reasonably expected to know their work and the general business of the play.

"Whiles we shut the door on one wooer another knocks at the



MR. GERALD LAWRENCE AS THE DUC DE NEMOURS IN "LOUIS XI."

MR. LAWRENCE IS LEADING MAN IN SIR HENRY IRVING'S COMPANY, AND WILL OCCUPY THAT POSITION UNTIL SIR HENRY'S RETIREMENT.

Photograph by P. Guttengberg, Manchester.

KEY-NOTES

AT the Fishmongers' Hall on Monday, June 27, was opened by the Prince and Princess of Wales the Loan Exhibition inaugurated by the Worshipful Company of Musicians to celebrate the three hundredth anniversary of the granting of its Charter by James I. It was a very important event, partly on account of its illustrious patronage, but even more so on account of the exhibition of ancient musical instruments, manuscripts, books, portraits, and personal mementoes. On the opening day a very interesting concert was given, which included works by Purcell, Corelli, Bach, Lawes, and Handel; moreover, until Saturday, July 16, inclusive, lectures will be given daily. The Prince of Wales opened the proceedings with a short speech, in which he declared how much pleasure it gave the Princess and himself to be present and to open an exhibition of such wonderful old musical instruments, which dated back three hundred years (as a matter of fact, the exhibition includes examples of a much older period). A selection of music was given after the opening ceremony, under the direction of Sir Frederick Bridge, by the treble Viol, the Recorder, the Cittern, the Pandora, the Lute, and the bass Viol. It is to be hoped that the exhibition at the Fishmongers' Hall will be patronised by all who take a serious interest in the musical history of England.

Mr. Wilhelm Ganz gave his annual concert at the Æolian Hall a few days ago, which was attended by a very numerous and fashionable audience. Mdlle. Emma Holmstrand made her first appearance before a London audience on this occasion, and in her singing of "Chanson d'Amour," by Hollman, proved herself to be a very charming singer. In Mendelssohn's Trio in D Minor Mr. Ganz played the pianoforte part, and Mr. Johannes Wolff and Mr. Hollman accompanied him on the violin and the violoncello respectively with much taste and accuracy. Madame Blanche Marchesi sang most delightfully "L'Amoro," from Mozart's "Il Re Pastore," and Miss Ada Crossley sang G. H. Clutsam's group of six songs. Songs were also contributed by Miss Evangeline Florence, Mr. Gregory Hast, Mr. Charles Ganz, Miss Georgina Ganz, Mr. Maris Hale, and Mr. Santley.

Her Majesty the Queen gave her gracious patronage to a concert given by Mdlle. Johanne Stockmarr at the St. James's Hall on Tuesday afternoon (June 28), and also honoured the pianist by being present. Mdlle. Stockmarr is a sympathetic player; her technique is good, and she shows herself to be thoroughly in touch with the composers whom she chooses to interpret. She was assisted by Dr. Theo Lierhammer, who interpreted most attractively songs by Brahms and Richard Strauss.

Everyone will be pleased to hear that Miss Marie Hall is recovering from her recent attack of typhoid fever, and it is hoped that shortly she will be well enough to proceed to the country for change of air. When the time comes, Miss Hall's numerous admirers will be more than glad to welcome her back to the platform after so serious an illness.

Her Majesty Queen Alexandra and a very large audience foregathered at the Queen's Hall on Wednesday afternoon (June 29) for the concert given by Master Florizel von Reuter, another (yea, another!) young violinist and also composer of only eleven years. After the overture to "Fidelio," played by the orchestra under the direction of Dr. Frederic Cowen, Florizel von Reuter played Vieuxtemps' Violin Concerto in E Major. He played splendidly, and at the end of the first movement the audience gave vent to long and loud applause; the boy had to appear again and again at the end of the Concerto. Later, the child—for child only can he be called—took up his bâton to conduct his own "Symphonie Royale" in F-sharp Minor, an amazing work for one so young. After a short interval, von Reuter played Max Bruch's "Scottish Fantasie" in splendid style, apparently not in the least tired after the afternoon's exertions, though at the same time perhaps, in justice to the small boy, the programme should not have been of quite such length.

During the past week Herr Kubelik has given a concert at the St. James's Hall, at which he was assisted by that excellent artist, Mr. William Backhaus. Kubelik played wonderfully, brilliantly, both in Paganini's Etude in E-flat and in the same composer's Fantasia written for the G string alone, and he received the heartiest applause. In conjunction with Mr. Backhaus, the violinist played Saint-Saëns' First Sonata for Pianoforte and Violin, and both artists showed themselves worthy of their association one with the other. Miss Agnes Parlaghy was the vocalist of the afternoon.

Mr. Henry J. Wood, who is ever energetic in the furtherance of his art, has decided to form an Orchestral Society, which he intends to organise for the purpose of educating instrumentalists who are to take part in the performance of classical music; for this purpose the society will meet every Wednesday, from five to seven, at St. Andrew's Hall, Newman Street. Mr. Wood says: "I have decided to organise an Orchestral Society upon a basis similar to that upon which my Select Choir has been carried out." . . . "There should be a dozen such centres in London alone," Mr. Wood adds. One sincerely trusts that Mr. Wood's new scheme will meet with every success.

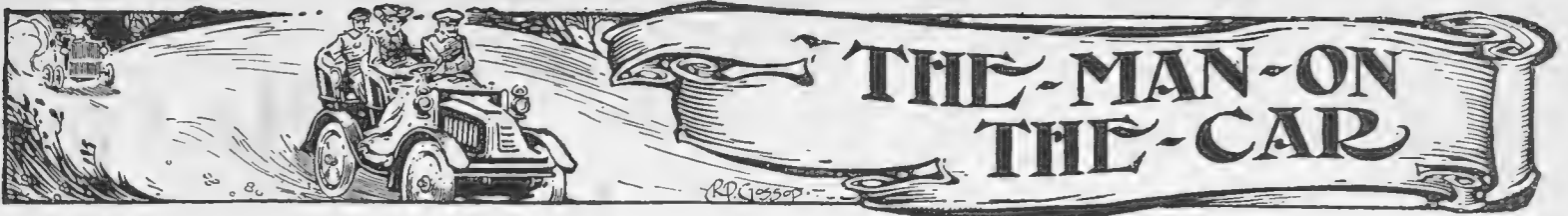
COMMON CHORD.



MADAME LEBLANC-MAETERLINCK, WHO GAVE A "LYRIC-DRAMATIC" RECITAL AT BECHSTEIN HALL LAST WEEK.

Photograph by Bolak.

Madame Georgette Leblanc-Maeterlinck, who gave a "lyric-dramatic" recital last week at the Bechstein Hall, is one of the most gifted of Parisian actresses, and her marriage to the famous Belgian poet created quite a sensation in the City of Light. It will be remembered that, almost exactly two years ago, when the public performance in London of M. Maeterlinck's "Monna Vanna" was prohibited by the Censor of Plays, she appeared in the title-rôle at a Club entertainment and created a most favourable impression. Since then M. Maeterlinck has become a Parisian of the Parisians, and he and his talented wife have set up house in the Rue Reynouard, where they are "at home" to all the leading members of the musical and dramatic professions.



A Long Non-Stop Run—Tyres—Motor-Cycle Trials—Cellular Radiators.

IT is, of course, nothing remarkable for engines in which either steam, gas, or oil is the motive-power to run continuously for very long periods, but then these engines are under cover and rotate at regular speeds for long intervals under constant loads. But when a petrol engine of four cylinders and twenty horse-power, alimented by carburated air, through so delicate and easily derangeable an apparatus as the usual form of float-feed carburetter as fitted to automobile engines, and working under constantly varying load up hill and down dale and varying temperatures, runs without a stop for one hundred and twenty-four hours, the fact demands notice. The long drive of 2017 miles in the period just named, effected between 3 p.m. on 22nd and 7 p.m. on 27th ult. by Mr. D. Weigel on a 20 horse-power Talbot car, during which the engine ran unceasingly for the period I have already named, stands as a feat as yet unparalleled in the annals of automobilism. To drive four times between London and Perth, and then to wind up by a little trip from the Metropolis to Portsmouth and back, is a motoring jaunt for which the majority of men would consider a fortnight or more little enough space in which to cover the ground. And yet we find Mr. D. Weigel and his three companions doing it in one hundred and twenty-four hours, during which time no mechanical separation of any kind was made, save the replacement of two exhaust tappet springs. Really wonderful things these motor-cars. Why, a first-class locomotive would have been in dock half-a-dozen times in such mileage.

But my automobile-owning reader's second thoughts will turn to the tyres used on the above run, and their make. Now, although the car was of French extraction, the tyres were British, or, to be more particular, Scottish, for they were the production of the North British Rubber Company and are known the world over as "Clinchers." Two of the tyres with which the car set out stood perfectly well throughout; one cover succumbed to the delicate attentions of a piece of hoop-iron in Durham, which cut clean through both tread and canvas liner, while the fourth gave out genuinely and had to be renewed. No punctures were experienced until the new covers were fitted, the original four having been fitted with the Wilton-Cox non-skidding and non-puncturing device. The behaviour of the tyres under such continuous and varied stress speaks volumes for the wonderful wearing qualities of "Clincher" tyres, and emphatically endorses the little story I told about them in the last issue of *The Sketch*.

In many of the published reports of the Gordon Bennett Cup race it has been stated that "Edge abandoned the race owing to tyre troubles." Now Mr. Edge's Napier car was fitted with Dunlop tyres, and such headlong allegations as the above, made by ill-informed and irresponsible reporters, are calculated to do harm to the reputation of what is now acknowledged generally to be a sound and good motor-tyre. As a matter of fact, and to show how baseless these reckless statements were, it is only necessary to quote a telegram received by the Dunlop Pneumatic Tyre Company from Mr. Edge the day after the race. The wire ran as follows: "Happy to say Dunlop tyres on my Napier racer stood well yesterday; one nail-puncture only.—EDGE." The nail-puncture was not, of course, in any way due to defect in the tyre. Jarrott and Girling both completed the course without any tyre failures soever, and if any of my readers would like to see the condition of all three sets of tyres as they finished, they may be examined at the Company's Dépôt, 14, Regent Street, where they are on show.

No rider of a motor-cycle will maintain for one moment that even the best of the single-track automobiles is absolutely satisfactory. Indeed, the very pride and glee taken in the successful encompassment of a run of, say, a hundred or so miles without a breakdown or stop for more or less serious adjustments serve to show that such successful trips are few and far between. But more power to the

sportsmanlike feeling of the motor-cyclist; the very failings of his petrol-propelled beast endears the creature the more to him, and his success in overcoming difficulties on the road makes delightful history of every ride. Nevertheless, the designers and makers of these fascinating machines still struggle heroically towards perfection, which sooner or later must arrive, and the thousand miles Motor-Cycle Reliability Trials to be carried out by the Auto-Cycle Club between the 15th and 20th of August next will go far to demonstrate the improvement made during the last twelve months.

Every car-owner who stables his own car can arrange that some proportion of the too plenteous rainfall of our weepsome climate that falls upon his roof shall be caught in a conveniently placed tank and stored for the replenishment of the cellular-radiator tanks now in such genera use. The life of these somewhat delicate coolers, with their thousands of soldered joints and narrow interstices, will be immensely prolonged by the constant use of soft water from which no incrustation is precipitated. By looking carefully after water-joints that no leaks occur, it will seldom be found necessary to replenish cellular radiators elsewhere than at home.



[DRAWN BY FRANK CHESWORTH.]

MOTOR-CYCLIST (with sudden brilliant idea): "Excuse me, Sir, but have you a piece of billiard-chalk about you?"

THE WORLD OF SPORT

Royalty and Racing—Goodwood—Gloves—Nomenclature.

THE rumour is once more revived that His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales is to have a few flat-racers in training at Newmarket, and I feel bound to add that I noticed at Ascot His Royal Highness took more interest than usual in the running of

of the events at the meeting will be large and sport generally will be above the average. The Stewards' Cup is very likely to bring out a record field, but I am told that Dumbarton Castle is fully expected to repeat his last year's victory. However, we must wait for the weights, due on July 14, before discussing this matter further. Already one or two horses are spoken about as being likely to win the Goodwood Plate, which has attracted thirty-six entries. Pretty Polly has been eased in her work of late, but it is intended to start her for the Nassau Stakes, which race looks on paper to be at her mercy.

A keen observer on the racecourse must have noticed how many men wear gloves. At the same time there are others, and I have discovered that of the so-called successful backers, high and low, eleven out of every twelve keep their hands uncovered. Of course, this may be done simply that they may use the pencil more freely in booking their bets, but there it is. On the other hand, I can say for a fact that the majority of the giddy young plungers who have gone under during the last decade always betted with their gloves on, and very tasty gloves, too, some of these affected.

The naming of racehorses has been reduced to a fine science, but the field of prospect has become limited, and owners use their wits only to find that the ground has been already covered. I think the Stewards of the Jockey Club should appoint an "Officer of Nomenclature" to suggest reasonable names for all young horses that are unchristened. The Old Burlington Street authorities sometimes take exception to the naming of horses when, in my opinion, there is no tangible reason for their doing so. At the suggestion of a friend of my own, an owner once named a horse "Redeemer," which fitted well, his pedigree having some relation to the pawnbroking business. The horse ran and won races under the name until somebody in authority suggested that it should be altered, and it was changed to "Pledger."

CAPTAIN COE.

The Theatrical Sports at Herne Hill on Tuesday of last week were an unqualified success. The weather was delightful and the gathering a very large one, among the many notabilities present being Mr. George Alexander, Miss Ellis Jeffreys, Miss Lilian Braithwaite, Mr. Lewis Waller, and, of course, the great Edmund Payne, who officiated as one of the judges. In several of the events fine finishes were witnessed, the times also being remarkably good. Mr. Herbert Sleath was manager, and both he and the Hon. Sec., Mr. William Johnson, had every reason to feel satisfied with the result of their labours. It is somewhat curious that in the whole list of events not one jumping contest figured. Perhaps the artists of the theatres and music-halls find sufficient of this form of exercise in leaping into fame. Miss Ellis Jeffreys presented the prizes.



Mr. George Alexander. Miss Ellis Jeffreys.

THE THEATRICAL SPORTS: SOME DISTINGUISHED VISITORS.

the races. I have often wondered that Royal personages have patronised the Sport of Kings so sparsely. The late Duke of Cambridge seldom missed being present at a big race-meeting, yet his colours were never carried on a race-track. Prince Christian is a regular attendant at all the big fixtures and he seldom misses the morning work, but he does not own thoroughbreds; while the Duke of Connaught is fond of watching races, yet his colours are as yet unregistered. True, His Majesty the King has a large breeding and racing stud, but the luck has been sadly against his colours of late, although a turn in the tide should come sooner or later. I believe the sport would be benefited if more members of Royalty were to become owners, and I hope the rumour that the Prince of Wales is to run flat-racers will prove to be correct. Just now, many members of our old nobility have to retire from the Turf owing to decreased incomes, and new owners of standing are needed to give the game a fillip.

Visitors to the Goodwood Meeting will be astonished to see the grand new stands that have been erected on up-to-date lines. The country in and around the Ducal Park is just now looking at its very best, and workmen are already engaged at Goodwood House to get ready for the reception of the King and Queen. All the best houses in the neighbourhood have been taken, and the hotel accommodation at the neighbouring towns has for some time been booked for the meeting. Their Majesties will, it is understood, drive to and from the course in semi-State. The fields for the majority



Mr. George Alexander.

THE THEATRICAL SPORTS: MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER AS JUDGE.

Photographs by Bulbeck, Strand.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

AMONGST sales that will interest women more than ordinarily during the month may be counted that of Charles Lee, Wigmore Street. Bargains of the most beguiling nature abound in blouses, frocks, and frou-frous generally. The old tatting lace, which is now having such a vogue, appears in the form of medallions on crêpe-de-Chine blouses in various pale colours; dainty arrangements in French lawn and Valenciennes follow, and the sweetness and light of spotted net is very visible in combination with real lace on a superlative model blouse called the "Lady Mar." "Fetching" little linen gowns are also marked most desperately down, and the ostrich stole of familiar favour is quite frantically reduced. Charles Lee's collection of real lace will appeal to connoisseurs. It contains fine examples of antique and modern handicraft, collars in rose-point of Italian workmanship, berthes of Flanders point, flounces of rare rose-point Brussels, pelerines of mediæval Genoese, scarves of old and modern Limerick. The changes are rung all through the gamut of the lace-making craft and special reductions offered at the present bargain-giving juncture. A notice of Charles Lee's fineries would be incomplete without mention of his patent petticoat, the "Leewig," which consists of a woven stockingnette upper part, pliable, durable, and practical. To it are attached various flounces of silk, batiste, or lawn in many colours, according to what Sam Weller called the "taste and fancy" of the owner. A well-equipped wardrobe is still incomplete, however well bestowed, without a "Leewig" skirt or two. These, in common with lingerie and everything else on the premises, are reduced during July.

Apropos of lingerie, the London Corset Company in Bond Street are also subscribing to the universal manner of sales, and, during this

section of it which possesses a figure) as to have practically abolished the little *corsetière*, expensive and uncertain as she was, it seems worth while to sample their sacrifices too, all the more as brocade and silken corsets are now being sold at the prices of more unpretending cotton—just for July, of course.

The good old Padre Kneipp, whose Bavarian hamlet became a world-centre for distinguished invalids during his lifetime, would be



[Copyright.]

A USEFUL YACHTING-DRESS.

month of shop-keeping sacrifices, announce sweeping, not to say overwhelming, bargains in their various specialities. As the London Corset Company are admittedly pioneers of moderately priced, perfectly fitting corsets, and have so quickly got the public ear (or that



[Copyright.]

A SMART WHITE LINEN GOWN.

startled to learn of his posthumous fame from quite another cause than that of the cold-water cure. The linen-mesh underwear surnamed "Kneipp" has, however, been very generally adopted by the public of late years, and, as its fabric is especially adapted to summer needs, an explanatory word may send its fame further. It is made of linen mesh—a knitted material really—and this, being cool and yet protective, is very suitable for hot-weather wearables. People of sensitive skin will appreciate it profoundly, and it is interesting to know that during his lifetime Father Kneipp, on being shown these newly invented linen-mesh garments, expressed his approval and belief in their merits. Since then the popularity of the Kneipp Linen Mesh has grown and increased amazingly. Most good drapers keep the different garments, both for men and ladies, which, judging from a price-list sent me, are comparatively very inexpensive.

That the competition craze is still a favourite form of mental acrobatics has been demonstrated by the numbers going in for the "Odol" competition. The first prize of twenty-five pounds for the best short description of this favourite mouth-wash has been won by Mr. F. Loyd, of Wellington College, the third being awarded to Mr. Earnshaw, of Caterham, while the second prize was borne off by Mrs. Davidson, of Bridgend, South Wales, for her pithy definition.

The blandishments of the hot bath are mightily enhanced in this warm weather by the pleasant and pungent Scrubb's Ammonia, which is entirely refreshing, while exercising what the advertisements call "a most beneficial effect on the skin." For the cleaning of plate and jewellery it knows no rival, and when used in the laundrying of delicate

fabrics like laces and cambric mouchoirs it restores the white colour with a minimum of labour. No store-cupboard in town or country should lack the invaluable Cloudy Ammonia of the euphonious Scrubb.

That exciting and much-anticipated time of year when we are all on holiday-making bent is upon us, and we joyfully seize our

"A B C" and "Bradshaw's," on travelling by rail and sea intent. There is something very fascinating in not knowing where to go and leaving the issue to blind chance. I knew a man who carried this idea so far as to commit his week-ends to the haphazard opening of the top left-hand corner in the "A B C." As such deliberate uncertainties may not appeal to more methodically minded Christians, let me recommend the flower-girt Scilly Isles to those in pursuit of pleasant paths. Tintagel of Arthurian legend is also a holiday haunt to thank the Fates for. There is a capital hotel whose exquisite *cuisine* is put to test by the appetite-giving air. It is suitably named King Arthur's Castle Hotel, and contains, by the way, an "exact replica" of the famous table round of Winchester.

SYBIL.



MISS DAISY STRATTON AS SUSAN IN "THE TOREADOR," ON TOUR.

Photograph by H. Tear, Clapham Road, S.W.

A NEW ERA IN SILVER WARE.

As a people we have been reproached as lacking the artistic sense, but the accompanying illustrations should prove a complete refutation of the charge in so far as our silversmiths are concerned. At Messrs. Mappin and Webb's show-rooms and London factory one is charmed with a profusion of new and delightful designs, entirely removed from the conventional treatment to which we have so long been accustomed. Messrs. Mappin and Webb have found that an increasing number of their customers are not satisfied with heavily chased patterns which resemble so closely the "sacrifice" bargains so often advertised in the Agony Columns. A style now in great demand, of which an example is given in the form of a hair-brush, bears an "appliqué" beautifully modelled border, applied to the perfectly plain brush after manufacture. The same "appliqué" border adorns the jewel-box, with a repoussé panel in centre—a beautiful specimen of hand-work. The cake and dessert baskets shown belong to another class of design greatly in vogue, the piercing, performed entirely by hand, adding the finishing touches to the effect wrought by beautifully modelled shapes, the scalloped edges completing what one must allow to be real works of art. A small sweetmeat-dish is also shown in this style, whilst a plainer and yet very effective result is attained by the "crocus" vase for flowers, which is somewhat after the "Secessionist" style, without its occasional grotesqueness. All who are in search of really artistic wedding-gifts or pleasing objects to complete their home environment may be entirely satisfied by visiting either of Messrs. Mappin and Webb's show-rooms, 158, Oxford Street, W., 220, Regent Street, W., and 2, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.

The *Smart Set* for July is especially good. Sir Gilbert Parker contributes an article on "Edward VII.—Ambassador," Seumas MacManus tells of "Denis Read's Coup d'Etat," Barry Pain is represented by a characteristic story entitled "Reclamation Work," and Cosmo Hamilton by "A Sense of Humour." It is impossible to name the many others who have lent their assistance in the production of a really notable number.

RAILWAY SUMMER ARRANGEMENTS.

"Rapid travel in luxury!" These words appear on the cover of the time-table for July issued by the Great Central Railway, and its contents demonstrate that the use of such a phrase is not inappropriate. Many important accelerations have been made in the train service affecting all parts of the country, and all express-trains are vestibuled and have a buffet-car attached available for first and third class passengers. The through service between Newcastle, York, Bradford, Huddersfield, Sheffield, and Southampton, Bournemouth, &c., has been considerably improved, and, in connection with the Great Western Railway, the Great Central give an entirely new through service between Leeds, Halifax, Huddersfield, Sheffield, Nottingham, Leicester, and the West of England.

The Midland Railway Company announce a number of improvements in their train-service for July. Thus, the Newspaper Express, 5.15 a.m. from St. Pancras, has been accelerated to reach Edinburgh twenty-five minutes earlier, and, instead of the present 9.30 a.m. from St. Pancras, two new morning expresses are catalogued—an Edinburgh express from St. Pancras at 9.30, arriving at Waverley Station at 6.5, and a Glasgow train at 9.45, arriving at St. Enoch Station at 6.35. A similar arrangement will be made in the case of the 11.30 a.m. out of St. Pancras, except that in this case the Glasgow train will leave at 11.30 and arrive at its destination at 8.25; and the Edinburgh train will follow at 11.35 and arrive at the Scotch Capital at 8.35. Improvements have also been made in the trains from Scotland to London and in the Yorkshire and Manchester expresses; while the services between the North and West of England have been accelerated, and the Isle of Man, Morecambe, and Lake District have also received due consideration.

An exhibition of old garden ornaments is being held at Mr. C. J. Charles' Galleries, 27 and 29, Brook Street, Mayfair, W.

A word of welcome is due to Mrs. Werner Laurie, who gave her inaugural concert at the Æolian Hall on the 28th ult. Her well-trained contralto voice was heard to great advantage in songs by Schumann, Elgar, Cowen, Clay, and Thomé.

Miss Daisy Stratton is a promising young actress associated with the lighter stage. She started her stage career at the age of six, and has passed by way of many pantomimes to Mr. George Edwardes's Companies, where she has appeared with success.

From time to time we have heard of the pernicious results of cigarette-smoking, but if one sticks to such brands as the "Craven Mixture" these warnings may safely be ignored. Manufactured from the best matured tobaccos of the Orient and America, the "Craven" cigarettes are free from scent and artificial flavouring.



SOME ARTISTIC DESIGNS BY MESSRS. MAPPIN AND WEBB.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on July 12.

THE MONEY OUTLOOK AND OTHER THINGS.

NOW that the demands which the end of the half-year always brings are over, we may expect the market to show increasing ease, while, after all the talk about trouble at the Settlement, it is satisfactory to find that only one member got hammered, although two or three other firms were talked about.

The loan-mongers will not give us any rest from continual borrowings, for no sooner is one Colonial concern out of the way than a fresh applicant for our spare cash comes along, while, if rumour is to be trusted, we are in for a crop of Conversions, among which Colombian and Venezuelan debt settlements will be prominent, and the much-talked-of Argentine Unification not very long delayed.

We hear that London United Laundries Cumulative Preference shares are the things to pick up cheap. The nominal value is one pound, and the price, with some arrears of dividend, six shillings or thereabouts, and we know that some very sharp people are picking them up. A nod is as good as a wink to a blind horse, they say.

The Inca's Bridge (of which we give an illustration), on the route across the Andes from Buenos Ayres to Chili, is one of the wonders of the world. It stands at a height of about nine thousand feet above the sea, with the River Mendoza flowing beneath. Of the many wonderful sights to which the traveller is treated on this remarkable journey, the Inca's Bridge is certainly one of the most interesting.

BEFORE THE RAILWAY
DIVIDENDS.

In very few instances do the prices of Home Railway Ordinary stocks now stand at higher values than they did a year ago. The slight spurt of last week went a little way towards lessening the discrepancy, but it had not sufficient staying power to materially improve the quotations. The market in the Stock Exchange is bitter in its cry that no confidence can be discerned in operators for investment or speculation. The in-and-out division hasten to snap a quick profit, fearful of allowing their gain a chance to run, while the investor has only pluck enough to buy half the stock now that he intends to, willing to wait for the rest in the hope of buying more cheaply. Consequently the Home Railway Market lacks stamina and backbone, notwithstanding the approach of the dividends and the probable cheapening of money. How far this parlous state of affairs may be remedied by the actual declarations of the dividends must depend, of course, mainly upon what the distributions are going to be. The experts estimate that the dividends will probably be at about the same rate as were those of this time last year, although, in cases like the North-Western and Lancashire and Yorkshire Companies, special causes may have operated here and there to make a decrease possible. We have an idea that people are rather awaiting the declarations before proceeding to buy Home Rails in any quantity, and, if the market should share this view, it would mean a further appreciation of prices in advance of an anticipated public demand.

KAFFIRS ON THE FENCE.

Much scorn has been directed at what the Kaffir Market is accustomed to call its "undercurrent," but, for all the contempt poured upon the word, it has a real sense of no little importance. For the "undercurrent" to be steady means that the market possesses a useful hidden power of resistance to the tactics of the banging operators eager to force prices lower. So successful have these gentlemen proved during the last couple of years that, in spite of an occasional finger-burning, they are still continuing their campaign of bear-sales followed by alarming rumours, and these again being succeeded by very quiet purchases when prices look cheap. What puzzles a good many is the fact that, in spite of the bear account manifestly open in the Kaffir Circus, heavy lines of actual shares are

sometimes thrown upon the unwilling market, and the efforts of the bears thus supplemented by a mysterious source of weakness. Yet everyone admits there is no bull account open that is worthy of the name, and the conclusion is confirmed by a study of the light contango rates. Every forced sale has this advantage, that in nine cases out of ten it transfers shares from weak holders to hands stronger to nurse those shares against the time of recovery. For the public not being buyers, the big houses are compelled to take shares in their own Companies in order to sustain the credit of those concerns in the eye of the financial world. Complex market currents are at work in attempting to determine a course for Kaffirs—currents somewhat apart from the immediate factors bearing upon the gold industry; but, even if no pronounced rise is likely to take place just yet, the market opinion declares a further fall of any extent to be highly improbable.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"Can't afford it," said The Broker, emphatically. "Times are much too bad."

"That's what you've said annually for the past ten years," The Engineer observed. "And it will end in the usual way."

"Yes," put in The Merchant.

"Three weeks on the Continent and a fortnight with the youngsters at the seaside."

"All the same, business is atrociously bad," and The Broker laughed. "I'm fain to confess I see no glimmer of hope for better things on this side of September."

"Cheaper money, bigger gold returns from the Transvaal, end of the war—," began The Engineer.

"We know all about those little items," The Broker returned. "If all three prophecies were fulfilled at once they might help us, but the public have deserted the Stock Exchange."

"You speak as though the public had a personal animosity against the House," complained The Jobber.

"Annie who?" The Banker asked, with a dawning of interest in the conversation.

"Mosity, sir," replied The Jobber, calmly. "She's an old enemy to the stockbroker, to say nothing of the jobber."

"I cannot say I like all these new emissions," and the old gentleman shook his head sadly. "They are spoiling the markets, in my opinion."

"Without giving us any conspicuous advantage in the way of new trade," The Broker grumbled.

"Well, you'll just have to be content to wait a couple of months more," said The City Editor, philosophically, "and reap your harvest in the autumn."

Both the House-men turned upon him indignantly, and there was a duet, The Broker leading.

"It doesn't matter to you, because—"

"You get your unearned salary all the same, and—"

"You can always cabbage from the other—"

"Papers, which reflect the views of one individual who's never done a day's work in the City proper, nor—"

"Our City office is within a stone's-throw of the Stock Exchange," contended the amused defendant.

"You know what I mean," The Jobber maintained. "Besides, it's the easiest billet going, City Editoring."

"How d'you make that out?" inquired The Engineer.

"If you're on an evening paper," explained the oracle, "you copy the stuff in the morning papers, only in rather different words."

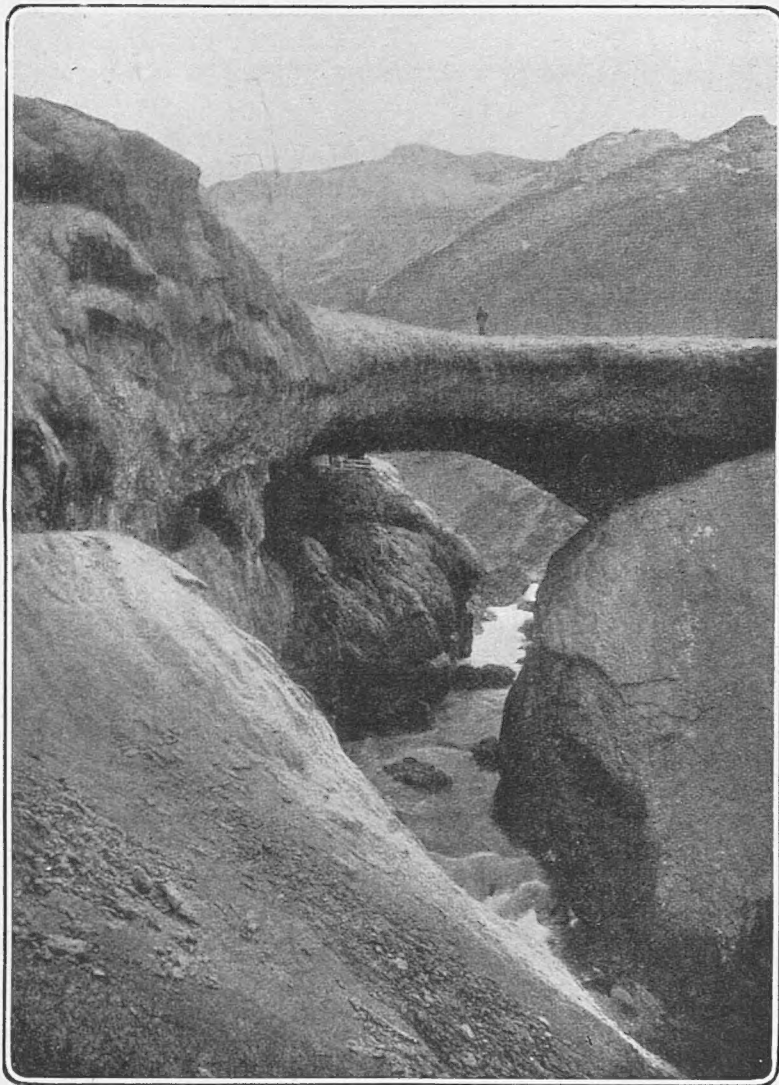
"And if you belong to a morning paper, you just get the lists of closing prices, compare them with the events of the day, and say that a rise or fall has been caused through some remote connection of news that's in the evening papers."

"Spanish were good on purchases from Paris," quoth The Merchant.

"Rio Tintos fell a quarter in sympathy with the decline in the price of the metal," added The Engineer.

"Consols hardened upon anticipations of easier conditions in Lombard Street," contributed The Banker.

"Americans smartly advanced on New York advices," The Broker suggested.



THE INCA'S BRIDGE (PUENTE DEL INCA).

"Whereas Kaffirs displayed a drooping tendency on rumours of another case of beri-beri in a coolie-coolie," concluded The Jobber, amidst general merriment.

The City Editor was shaking with laughter. "Upon my word," he exclaimed, "it's evident some of us have mistaken our vocation!"

"Those are only a few of the stock phrases that every well-conducted newspaper keeps in its City office," said The Jobber. "Other items are added which depend for their interest chiefly upon the imagination of the writer."

"And what do *you* do?" retorted The City Editor.

"I work for *my* living," was the proud reply. "Have to, don't you know?"

"What's the capital of the Rand Mines? Come now, tell us that."

The Jobber appeared to be lost in thought.

"I believe they are going better," he said, inconsequently, after the pause.

"Floored on Number One!" cried The City Editor, as he turned to The Broker and asked the last date when Dover A paid a dividend.

"This seems to be a kind of catechetical class," remarked The Broker.

"I thought you probably knew more about my business than your own," cruelly persisted The City Editor.

"Let's talk of tips," interposed The Merchant. "All this is very unpractical, don't you know. One good sound tip apiece might help some of us," and he looked expectantly at The Banker.

"I never give tips," rejoined that worthy man, laying down his *Times*. "But I'm inclined to think the Irish stock would go better if that market would only quote the price as fully-paid instead of so much premium. That frightens people."

"Thank you, sir," The Merchant said. "Your turn, Brokie."

"Sell Grand Trunk Firsts and Seconds and put the money into Rosario or Pacific Ordinary, or both."

"You've been thinking it over," The Merchant told him. "Now you—," and he turned to The Engineer.

"Oh, me!" exclaimed the latter. "You know my predilection for Mexican Firsts, and the recent rise has proved me right."

"No boasting," he was sternly told. "Be a man, and hand in your tip."

"Thanks!" said The Jobber, pocketing the proffered twopence. "That means I can have lunch to-day. Do your duty, sir."

"Sell Dover A and put the money into North-Eastern Consols," he said, copying The Broker's phrases. "And Little Chats will go to 20 and Central London Deferred has fallen 5 points too low."

"Nobody asked for a personally conducted tour round the Home Railway Market," was all the thanks The Merchant tendered him.

"What's your own idea?" demanded The Jobber.

"London and India Dock Preferred for a ten per cent. improvement," The Merchant considered. "And yours?"

The City Editor really didn't know what was certain to rise.

"Say the thermometer," suggested The Jobber.

"What's going to fall, then?"

"Lyons, for one," The City Editor thought. "And no prudent man should touch Nelsons, however sore the temptation."

"Negative, but possibly useful," criticised The Merchant. "What do you two Stock Exchangers say? Not that your tips are worth much, as a rule."

"I vote we arrange a fall of umbrellas on his ugly head, eh, Brokie?"

The Broker pacifically prophesied a recovery in some of the Little Kangaroos, "Hannan's Star for choice. But nip out on a quick profit, or you'll be left with them for ever and a day."

"And how about the Kaffir Circus?" inquired The Merchant.

"The Kaffir Circus," quoted The Jobber, stretching himself and yawning prodigiously as he rose to go, "is in a state of suspended animation, and the principal favourites may"—he descended to the platform—"go a little lower. *Au revoir*, gentlemen all."

THE GRAND TRUNK STATEMENT.

Great was the disappointment over the Grand Trunk working statement for May, and the chagrin of the market was quickened by the fact that, as is customary of late, the result was foreshadowed by intelligent anticipation of the figures from Canada, which can only be explained by a leakage of information somewhere. The wiseacres here had been going for a net increase of something between £40,000 and £50,000, and the result has come out at under £22,000. It will be remembered that the increase for April was generally estimated at under £20,000, whereas it turned out close on £44,000, and, just as Montreal was a buyer before the April figures were announced, so from the same quarter we have been treated to considerable selling in anticipation of the disappointing May result.

Summarising the figures, we find that the Main Line shows a net improvement of £20,300, the Grand Trunk Western a net decrease of £600, and the Detroit section an improvement of £2200.

For the five months of the working year in which the corrected figures are available there is a net decrease of revenue amounting to £196,600, and the outlook for the first half-year's dividends can only be considered most unpromising. To secure the full payment on the Guaranteed Stock, the month of June will have to give us a net improvement of nearly £70,000, which is a figure hardly likely to be reached even with the recent increases in the gross takes and the most special efforts to reduce expenditure.

MISCELLANEOUS MINES.

Rhodesia and the Jungle Markets have been suffering from considerable depression, and, although Earl Grey did his best at the meeting of the Chartered Relief Fund—we beg pardon, the Charter Trust—report after report of each Rhodesian Mining Company only brings home to shareholders the unsatisfactory results which have attended lavish expenditure in both Matabeleland and Mashonaland, while Chartered shares are as low as 1½ buyers. The Selukwe Company crushed 63,000 tons for 32,886 ounces of gold for the year ending the 31st of March last, and, with tailings, produced a gross revenue of £167,000, of which only the miserable sum of £37,000 is net profit; and the directors are undoubtedly taking a wise course in suspending further payments of dividend. The report of the Rhodesia Goldfields is no more encouraging. With a gross profit of £22,000, the net result of the year is a loss of £6,700. The hope of the future lies undoubtedly in the region north of the Zambesi, and in the lead, zinc, and copper deposits which are known to exist in this district. Let us hope that it is not a case in which distance lends enchantment to the view.

As to the Jungle, nothing comes to the assistance of the market; the chief pillars of West African Mining finance have all died within the last twelve months, and, under the pressure of sales and reconstructions, prices give way day by day. We have always warned our readers to keep out of both Rhodesians and West Africans, so that we have not anything to blame ourselves with in respect of either market.

The Etruscan Board have issued a fresh circular which, considering the source from which it comes, is quite moderate; but the shares cannot be sustained on circulars alone, and the price continues to crumble. The way the Etruscan bubble has been sustained is, in our opinion, a striking example of the virtue of cheek—pure, unadulterated cheek.

We hear that the enterprise of draining the Sacred Lake of Guatavita is practically completed, and that in the course of the next few weeks the shareholders of Contractors Limited will know whether or not the treasure with which tradition has filled its muddy bottom exists or not. Like an expedition in search of wrecked galleons, it is a case of all or nothing, and, now the water is got rid of, the question may be considered as very close to its solution.

Saturday, July 2, 1904.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

(1) All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, 108, Strand, and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.

(2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.

(3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.

(4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.

(5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.

(6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.

(7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.

(8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters cannot receive attention.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. C.—We have a poor opinion of the Mine, but at the present rubbish-price you might easily make money, as the shares are not unlikely to have a spurt on any Westralian boomlet. The Bank is in the same position as the best Kaffirs, and the present is not the time, in our judgment, to sell.

K. E. D.—We do not like the debentures. They are, however, secured on the whole concern, subject to the prior issues, as well as on the new buildings. Your relative, unless she is a rich woman, has too much money in the investment, and we advise her to sell £1500 and re-invest £500 in Gas Light and Coke stock, £500 in Mexican Inter-oceanic Railway Prior Lien Bonds, and the rest in Industrial Trust Unified Stock. Thus she will spread her risk and get about 5 per cent. for her money.

R. W.—The Brewery is in a bad state and has not paid a dividend for some years on the Ordinary. There is a row among the Board at present. Probably the moment is not opportune to realise, but there is certainly a considerable risk in holding.

NOBILIS.—We note what you say as to the Mine. With much of it we agree, but at present price the capitalisation comes out at well over £600,000. The Colonial stock is fair, but the Labour Party is too strong in New South Wales to make things pleasant. For our own money we should prefer good Colonial Municipal bonds such as Wellington 4½ per cent., Christchurch Drainage, or Port Elizabeth 4 per cent. If you insist on a Government security you will be wise to keep out of Australasia.

The inauguration of the fifth extension of the Chancery Lane Safe Deposit has now taken place. By this extension over thirty new strongholds have been added to this world-famous safe-deposit.